THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1898.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE WEEK:—Public Affairs: At Home	280
,, ,, Abroad	282
,, Literature, etc.	283
,, Obituary	283
THE VERDICT OF LONDON	284
THE ARMY	285
DO WE GAIN IN CHINA?	286
A NEW PHASE IN GERMAN POLITICS	287
INSURANCE	288
FINANCE	288
THIS MORNING'S PAPER. By "A Mere Outsider"	289
THE HOUSE OF LORDS. V.—What a Reformed Second Chamber should be	291
THE CHAMBERLAIN BIRTHDAY-BOOK.—VI.	292
THE TRAGIC MUSE	294
WILD BEASTS AS SURGICAL PATIENTS	295
THE DRAMA:—*The White Knight.—22a, Curzon Street.* By A. B. W.	296
THE MAN FORBID. By John Davidson	297
VERSE:—	
The Old Huntsman. By A. Conan Doyle	298
A LITERARY CAUSERIE:—	
Shakespeare's Master. By B.	298
REVIEWS:—	
Duchesses, and Others	299
Landlord and Tenant in Great Britain	301
A Thing of Shreds and Patches	301
Light	302
A Hidden Life	303
Cromwell and Eastern England	303
Modern Architecture	304
The Royal Buckhounds	305
Fiction	306
The March Magazines	308
First Impressions	309

THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE elections to the London County Council have resulted in a great victory for the Progressive party and the cause of Home Rule for London. In the last Council, leaving the aldermen out of account, there were latterly sixty Moderate Councillors against fifty-eight Progressives. As the result of Thursday's contest, the nett Progressive gains amounted to about a dozen seats, won in the chief working-class districts of London. This is an effective answer to the recent speeches of Ministers, especially in view of the frantic efforts made by the Moderates to capture the Council by introducing Imperial politics and scaring the electors with the bogey of Socialism. Unless Ministers are ready to face the risk of losing the majority of the London constituencies at the next general election we shall hear no more of their Disintegration Bill.

THE most important meeting in connection with the contest for the County Council, which was carried on with great vigour during the early part of the week, took place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday, when Lord Rosebery, who had an enthusiastic reception from an audience that filled the Hall in every part, made a very powerful speech in defence of the County Council, or, as he put it, in defence of London. Two dangers threatened the capital. One was the introduction of party politics into the municipal area, and the other the partition of London itself. He defended the Council with great vigour from the ignorant and unfounded charges brought against it, and declared that all the tattle about its Socialism was nonsense. In an eloquent peroration he appealed to the idea of London as the central city of the British Empire, and asked what Cæsar would have thought of a proposal to cut up Rome into separate cities. Lord Salisbury had talked of the evils of megalomania, but there was a greater evil still, the "craven fear of being great."

ON the same evening, Mr. Chamberlain, who at one period in his career was an ardent municipal reformer at Birmingham, spoke in support of the policy what had for its object the destruction of the County Council and the transfer of local authority to half a score of vestries. He professed his desire to procure good government for London, but expressed his hearty approval of the introduction of politics into municipal elections. London, he explained to an audience which listened to his declarations with amazement and derision, had no right to call itself a city at all, as it was nothing more than a congeries of towns, villages and districts. The whole tendency of modern legislation was to develop and subdivide local government. The County Council had been nine years in existence, but had done nothing for the local government of London. This remarkable statement was received by the audience—which had been admitted by ticket—with loud cries of dissent. The whole speech was, in short, an exposure of Mr. Chamberlain's ignorance on the subject of which he was speaking.

THE Parliamentary business of the week consisted on Monday of a further discussion of the Army estimates, which had been explained by Mr. Brodrick in Committee of Supply on Friday evening. A motion by Mr. Labouchere to reduce the number of men proposed by 13,367, on the ground that they could only be wanted to carry out a policy of which he disapproved, was negatived, without discussion, by 232 to 45 votes. On Tuesday an important discussion was raised by a motion of Sir E. Ashmead Bartlett, calling attention to the advance of Russia in North-Eastern Asia, and declaring it to be of vital importance for British commerce and influence that the independence of Chinese territory should be maintained. Sir William Harcourt deprecated the use of provocative language in regard to Russia and Germany, and called upon the Government frankly to state how matters really stood in the Far East. Mr. Curzon, in reply, admitted that the Chinese Government had withdrawn its application to the Government of this country for a loan, but it had expressed its willingness to make considerable concessions which would be beneficial to the trade of all countries. The policy of the Government was to preserve the integrity and independence of China, to maintain our treaty rights, and to uphold the principle of free commerce.

ON Wednesday Parliament dealt with a measure for getting rid of some of the scandals connected with the abuse of private patronage in the Established Church. The Benefices Bill introduced by Mr. Lyttleton proposes slightly to increase the powers of the parishioners and the bishops in interfering with the appointment of unfit men to benefices, and to abolish the sale of next presentations without compensation to the owners—an

interference with vested interests which is remarkable in a Bill most of whose more active supporters are on the Tory side of the House. The measure was opposed from the Liberal benches as giving too much power to the bishops and too little to the congregations, but in the result it was read a second time and referred to a Grand Committee, where it will be considered along with the Government Bill introduced by Mr. Balfour next day.

On Thursday the supplementary estimates for the Uganda Protectorate gave rise to an important but rather discursive debate. It was generally admitted—and the view was endorsed by Mr. H. M. Stanley—that the recent mutiny of Soudanese troops was due to real and serious grievances, but Mr. Curzon's defence of the unfortunate Major Macdonald seems to indicate that the outbreak was caused largely by misunderstanding on their part. An inquiry is promised, and, pending its completion, any criticism of the conduct of the officers in command must be undertaken—as Sir Edward Grey pointed out—with considerable reserve. The policy of going to Uganda at all may well be questioned, especially if the French are to establish themselves in the Bahr-el-Gazal: but now we are there we must do the best we can; and Mr. Labouchere's vote of censure was negatived by 212 to 55. So far as the present situation is concerned, it is satisfactory to learn that a new military force is to be organised for the country, consisting of Swahilis and Indian troops as well as Soudanese; and that the claim for compensation on the part of the French missionaries for their losses in the revolt of 1892 has been met, as the late Liberal Government desired, without too close inquiry as to our exact rights.

Lord Kimberley was the guest at a dinner of the Eighty and Russell Clubs at Oxford on Saturday last. In replying to the toast of his health, he reviewed the situation so far as foreign affairs were concerned. He was glad to think that there was every prospect of a fair and reasonable settlement of matters in China, but it was impossible to say as much of the state of things elsewhere. In Crete the situation was deplorable. In the Soudan we had entered without justification upon a prodigious adventure of the most serious character. With regard to West Africa, he trusted that Lord Salisbury, who had been accused of being too squeezable, would be firm; but he deprecated any quarrel between ourselves and our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, and he believed that in doing so he spoke for all parties in this country. He declined to make any strong or personal attack upon those charged with the conduct of our foreign affairs, because he desired that they might be successful in maintaining the interests and rights of the country.

Lord Herschell addressed a Liberal meeting at Brighton on Monday, and after criticising severely the foreign policy of the Government and deprecating programme-spinning as a futile work, spoke of the fact that there were measures which different sections of the Liberal party earnestly supported, but which could not all be passed at once. In these circumstances it would be fatal to fight about the order in which they were to be taken. Speaking of Home Rule, he said that he was a Home Ruler, and was not ashamed to be one, but when the people of Britain saw the people of Ireland divided among themselves and eliciting uproarious and hilarious delight from the avowed enemies of Home Rule, whilst using anything but friendly language to its friends, it was difficult to convince them that the Irish people were anxious for Home Rule. He would point to two reforms as necessary. One of these was "one man, one vote," and the other the reform of the House of Lords.

The deputation so favourably received by Sir John Gorst on Wednesday drew attention to a crying evil. The "full-timers" in our elementary schools, who are in many instances shockingly overworked as wage-earners out of school hours, may feel now that they will not be forgotten. Their cause has a powerful advocate in Mrs. G. F. Hogg, and those who listened to her pleading are likely to be haunted by the remembrance of many sorrowful facts, including the case of one little girl of nine, who has to be up every day *at four o'clock in the morning* to call workmen. The grown men may be sleeping heavily, and on the coldest, darkest winter morning the little schoolgirl must have broken *her* sleep and be at her post long before dawn to awake them. Is it necessary to add that this unhappy child goes to school too tired and sleepy to learn? Very striking are the statistics briefly given in a "Memorandum" printed by the Women's Industrial Council, as the result of a preliminary investigation carried on in fifty-four elementary schools of varying type among 16,000 boys and 10,000 girls. From this memorandum we find, for instance, that of the 249 boys returned as working for 12 hours and over on Saturdays, 235 are employed in and about shops. Of these, 39 work 16 hours and over; and 38 till midnight. In one school, which returns a total of 30 wage-earners, 16 work over 12 hours; seven of these for 14 hours and over; three for 16 hours; and one for 17 hours. Nineteen boys work for more than three hours every morning before school, delivering milk and papers, going to market, etc.—that is, the day's work begins at 5 or 5.30 a.m., in some cases even earlier. Some of these return to their work after school, and work till late in the evening. As regards growing girls, there is the evidence of mistresses to show that they are often "too heavily taxed for their strength; that they have no real childhood." No doubt all this night-work renders them unfit for school; and "any excuse is made use of to keep them at home when there is work to be done which will bring in a few pence."

Sir John Gorst replied in substance, "It is all quite true, and none of us can help it." They might ask the Home Office (he said) to hold an inquiry, and the Education Office would gladly co-operate; but the inquiry, like other Government inquiries, would merely accumulate a mass of evidence which no Government would be able to act upon. The real obstacle, as he pointed out, is the indifference or hostility to improved education prevalent among a large part of the working classes—especially in Lancashire and all over the rural districts—and among the wealthier classes also. A "territorial aristocracy," in especial, is unfavourable to education, whether in England or in Pomerania; and the best hope is in "missionary work" among the unenlightened sections of the electorate. We quite agree with Sir John Gorst, and wonder how his colleagues like his views. It cannot be pleasant for a member of the English territorial aristocracy to have his order compared to the *Junkerthum* of Prussia. At the same time, we think a strong Liberal Government would find a way to achieve constructive legislation that would fit the youth of the industrial classes for that technical training which, as Sir John Gorst points out, they are as yet insufficiently taught to receive with profit.

Sir Charles Dilke's question as to the appointment of "independent examiners" to conduct the examinations of the new Teaching University of London rests on a misapprehension which is natural enough to those who have had no experience of the working of a University, but is strange in anyone who has. External examiners—outsiders unacquainted with the kind of teaching received by their examinees—are very unlikely to possess, much less maintain, the traditions that come to govern great examinations such as the Honour Schools at Oxford

or the Triposes at Cambridge. They are probably very distinguished men—so distinguished, indeed, that they have no idea, unless reminded by recent experience, how very little most candidates are likely to know, and they are tolerably certain, in the first instance, to pitch their standard either too low or too high—generally the latter. As every fresh group tends to make its own standard, the variations from year to year are the despair of teachers, and encourage coaches and candidates to the unscrupulous cramming of "tips." That this is not mere hypothesis everyone will testify who knows the London University Examinations in Arts. Regulations really give very little clue to the way an examination is actually conducted, and leave plenty of scope for the eccentricities of individual examiners. Now at Oxford, and we suppose at Cambridge, some of the examiners have always had previous experience in the conduct of the examination; and so the tradition is carried on. An outside examiner is, of course, allowed to set questions opening up neglected branches of the subject. But he cannot, by himself, suddenly exalt or lower the traditional standard; though, in fact, it always tends gradually upwards.

Sir Harry Johnston's report on the regency of Tunis under the French Protectorate brings out one side of Lord Salisbury's "graceful concession" which we confess we had not realised. Up till the end of 1897 there were two tariffs, an 8 per cent. *ad valorem* tariff open to all countries having most-favoured-nation treaties, and a practically prohibitive tariff. Great Britain and all her possessions enjoyed the most-favoured-nation terms. Now only the United Kingdom and Malta get most-favoured-nation treatment. India, Canada, and all the other Colonies come under the prohibitive tariff for all goods except cottons. Germany, Scandinavia, and the United States are among the most favoured nations. French cottons are already admitted free, and soon no French goods will pay any duty. It is expected that the French minimum tariff will soon take the place of the 8 per cent. tariff as the preferential tariff, but even this may be exceeded in 1905, when the treaty with Italy expires. It may be that the trade of Canada with Tunis is not of much importance, though there may be some trade in timber; but it must be rather annoying for Canadians, in a year when they have done so much for the empire, to see themselves cut out, by Foreign Office neglect, from advantages accorded to the United States. The wrong done them is even worse when we remember that the Canadians, by special treaty negotiated by their own envoys, enjoy most-favoured-nation treatment in France itself, and would enjoy it in Tunis if Tunis had been made part of France. As it is, they find themselves placed under prohibitive terms. Why cannot the Colonial Office occasionally point out to the Foreign Office the existence of self-governing colonies?

ABROAD.

The West African difficulty seems likely to become acute again. While M. Hanotaux's statement last Tuesday as to the position of the Niger Question seemed to indicate the probability of a pacific solution, the line taken by the *Temps*—the usual organ of the French Foreign Office—tends to qualify our hopes. The country now in dispute is the west bank of the Niger from Boussa to Say, and the *Temps* on Thursday declared emphatically—not to say defiantly—that this region was left by the Conventions of 1889 and 1890 to be the property of the first effective occupants; that France is in occupation, and means to stay; that it is absurd to suppose that England will fight on such a question; and that the French Foreign Office does not care what treaties may have been made by the negro emissaries of the Niger Company, "who present themselves to our officers clad only in checked calico shirts." This is the tone taken by nations when they mean to go to war; and it indicates that the "reciprocal concessions" spoken of by M. Hanotaux will involve the cession of this territory to France and the sacrifice by our Colony of Lagos of its hinterland. At least, we suppose the French will hardly be content with less. And the abuse lavished on the Royal Niger Company in France, and exposed by Sir George Goldie in his statement published on Thursday, may bring public feeling in both countries into a very inflammable state. Were it not for the Protectionism of French colonial enthusiasts we should be hopeful of an arrangement; but whereas we should doubtless give them an outlet for their commerce at Boussa, we may be tolerably sure that they would not give us similar facilities if they could avoid doing so.

The attempt on the life of the King of Greece has been made—and happily has failed—at a most fortunate moment for the interests of the dynasty and the nation. Its feebleness and futility is a satisfactory proof that the public order of Greece is not seriously compromised by the effects of her terrible sufferings. The secret societies cannot themselves be very formidable if they can get no better instruments than the miserable creatures who fired six shots at a carriage and pair at a range of a dozen yards without doing serious damage; and the courage shown by the King and his daughter will go far to rehabilitate him after the suspicions raised — we do not say justly—by the Kokorris and Sachtouris trials. This effect is natural, if illogical; but a curious result of the attempted crime is that it has revived the fears of a like fate which are known to oppress the Sultan, and apparently excited his sympathy for King George. Under their influence, he may possibly become less hostile to Greece and more amenable to pressure, even from the Concert of Europe. That pressure will be exerted from other quarters there seems little doubt. The inquiry into the cases of torture in the vilayet of Uskub will probably precipitate the action of Bulgaria; and then Russia will have to intervene.

The French Government has followed up the Zola trial by rewarding the generals concerned in the Dreyfus case and punishing the officials who were called as witnesses for the defence. The excitement has effectually prevented any revival of interest in the Panama scandal. The official report on this subject is published, and the Chamber has refused to fix a day for discussing it. But, in spite of a few protests, the country is nearly all on one side, and the defence of civil justice has fallen chiefly into Socialist hands. In the near future this may have serious results. The struggle at the general election some two months hence—so far as can be seen at present—will be between Conservative Republicanism and the Radical and Socialist combination which upheld the Bourgeois Ministry, and will be temporarily restored for electioneering purposes. Now the Monarchists, who have just been holding a Congress at Blois, have received orders from the Duke of Orleans actively to support the Ministerial candidates whenever they have no candidate of their own. Thus the Monarchists identify themselves with the present wave of enthusiasm for the army, which is itself Clerical and Monarchist; and we can hardly suppose that the Monarchists, the Clericals, the Anti-Semites, and the patriots, all working together for the present Ministry, will not give it a distinctly clerical and militarist tinge, or that the Socialists who have supported the cause of Zola and justice will not lose ground by their action. And, if the army and the Clericals capture the Government, and the Opposition

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy Bryant & May's Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

is weakened—as is almost certain—we may look out for very curious developments.

THE German Government has circulated a return showing that the expenditure of the Empire on national defence is less per head of the population than in most European States, and absolutely less than in France and the United Kingdom, with their smaller populations. The electorate, as we point out elsewhere, have been converted by other arguments; but this one may well be questioned on two grounds recently set forth in Herr Richter's organ. In the first place, Germany's colonial empire is trifling compared with that of England, or even with France; yet it does not appear that any allowance is made on this account. Secondly—though it seems incredible—the return (according to Herr Richter) includes all interest on debt except that appertaining to the State railways; so that the interest on the loans contracted to meet the cost of the Franco-German War and the defence of England against Napoleon is counted as part of the present expenditure of France and England respectively for national defence!

IT may be noted, moreover, that some of the figures hardly agree with those in a Foreign Office report just issued on the German Estimates for 1898–9. It would seem that the imperial revenue is estimated at £69,000,000, as against £28,300,000 in 1885–6, while the debt has risen to £107,500,000, of which all but £800,000 has been borrowed since 1877, or, roughly, at the rate of £5,000,000 a year. But the 69 millions of imperial revenue is swollen by a cross-entry. It includes 22 millions of customs duties which are paid over by the Empire to the States, as well as 23½ millions of matricular contributions paid by the States to the Empire. The net sum which, according to the estimates, would be received from the States would only be 1½ millions. Thus the real imperial revenue of Germany is only estimated at 47 millions. Of this the service of the debt is to absorb 3½, the army 30½, and the navy 6, and pensions 4½ millions out of a total expenditure of 49½ millions. The difference between revenue and expenditure is to be met by a loan.

IT will be noticed that the total expenditure of the German Empire on civil administration amounts only to about five millions sterling. This is, of course, explained by the fact that the principal internal services, railways (except in Alsace-Lorraine), justice, police, education, religion, and science, are almost entirely under the control of the States. Thus the revenue of Prussia is given at nearly 51 millions, or more than the net revenue of the empire, of Bavaria nearly 10 millions, and of Saxony, Würtemberg, Hamburg, and Baden at between three and four millions each. The total of the State revenues amounts to over 90 millions, and thus the national revenue may for comparison with that of England be put at about 137 millions. But this is hardly a fair comparison, for of the State revenue a large proportion is derived from profits on the railways. The profit revenue of Prussia alone from State railways and domains amounts to 25 millions, or more than enough to cover the service of the debt in Empire and States put together. It is probable that the total tax revenue paid by the German people is considerably less than that paid by the English. The total of customs and excise in Germany amounts to just over 35 millions, or much less than with us. The German pays more on his sugar and salt, but less on his tobacco, spirits, and beer. The sugar tax produces 6 millions, but the bounty costs a million and a half, and only the net yield of the tax finds its way into the accounts. Speaking generally, a comparison between the German estimates and our own does not tend to strengthen the notion that Germany is overburdened by her fiscal and her military system in her competition with us in neutral markets.

FOR the present—in spite of the efforts of the American Jingoes and the alarmist reports of the patriotic and bellicose section of the Madrid Press—the war fever in the United States has abated; but it is quite premature to pronounce it "dead." The Commission of Inquiry has sat, first at Havana and then at Key West, and has wisely kept its own counsel; and in spite of the astounding and circumstantial reports pointing to foul play which have been published in New York, absolutely nothing can be known on the subject until the Commission reports, and possibly not even then. If there has been foul play it may, of course, be possible to settle it by arbitration and an indemnity; but in that case the difficulty will be with the Spanish Jingoes as well as with the masses in the United States. And it is not at all clear that we can gauge the temper of the American public from the telegrams which reach us from New York.

LITERATURE, etc.

M. ZOLA'S "Letters to France" have been translated into English, and are published as a pamphlet by Mr. John Lane of the Bodley Head. Mr. L. F. Austin contributes a forcible introduction, dwelling on M. Zola's courage in standing up against the patriotic and anti-Semitic fury which has carried away the mass of the French nation, and pointing out the immense service rendered by him to the cause of truth and justice—a service which future generations of Frenchmen will, we trust, acknowledge. The translation is rather literal, but in documents of this kind exactness is preferable to style; especially as the originals have been so effectually suppressed in Paris that two of the four letters could not be obtained for the purpose of translation, and the editor is indebted for his versions to the courtesy of the proprietors of the *Jewish Chronicle*. The pamphlet is an interesting memorial of an epidemic—and of the courage of one man in trying to stop it.

THE bound volume of the *Liberal Magazine* for 1897 (Liberal Publication Department) forms a most valuable book of reference for Liberal speakers and canvassers—and, we may add, for journalists in a hurry, as well as for newspaper readers. There is an admirable political chronicle of each month, extracts from speeches, with or without effective comments, and a quantity of miscellaneous information, statistical and otherwise, of just the sort that it is most important to know and hardest to disinter from a newspaper file. The book has an admirable index.

OBITUARY.

SIR W. H. STEPHENSON, K.C.B., had been Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue for thirty-five years—from 1862 to 1897—and had been connected with the Civil Service for twice that time.—Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I., was eminent as a historian of British India and a writer on other military and historical subjects.—Sir William M'Cammond had been Lord Mayor of Belfast in 1894-95, and had helped to settle the great shipbuilding strike during the next year.—Mr. Frederick Tennyson, elder brother of the late Laureate, was himself a poet of some note, and had collaborated with his brother in a well-known volume.—Senator Rossi was a prominent champion of Protectionism in Italy.—Signor Sineo, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs in the present Italian Cabinet, was a prominent member of the "Piedmontese group."

THE VERDICT OF LONDON.

THE result of the London County Council elections has been to inflict upon the Government of Lord Salisbury the heaviest blow it has yet sustained. It is perfectly true that the Progressive party did everything in their power in order to divest the contest of a political character. They appealed to all sections of Liberals and to all loyal inhabitants of London to save their great city from the destruction with which it was threatened. They cannot, therefore, claim Thursday's great victory as a political triumph for themselves. But, on the other hand, there is no escaping the fact that it is a defeat—a crushing defeat—for the Government. Ministers openly espoused the cause of the Moderate candidates; they turned out in defence of the Moderate policy with as much energy and enthusiasm as though they had been fighting for their own existence as a Government, and one of them at least—Mr. Chamberlain—openly expressed his approval of the fact that the contest was a political one. They cannot, therefore, escape from the acknowledgment that they and their policy have met with a most disastrous defeat.

The "true truth" upon the question on which the ratepayers of London have now pronounced their opinion was set forth in the speech of Lord Rosebery at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening. It was the speech not of a vestryman, whether of London or of Birmingham, but of a statesman, and it furnished, accordingly, the strongest possible contrast to the utterance which was falling at the same moment in classical Camberwell from the lips of Mr. Chamberlain. The Colonial Secretary prides himself, we believe, upon his eminence as a statesman and his virtues as a patriot. He forgets the fact that he owes his rise in life to the reputation he acquired as a local town councillor in Birmingham, and he seems strangely inclined—if we may judge by his speech at Camberwell—to confuse the cant and the re-cant of patriotism in a somewhat alarming fashion. It is, however, a superfluous task to expose the inconsistency of Mr. Chamberlain. He has forgotten all the principles he professed when he aspired to be the leader of the Liberal party, and now apparently he has forgotten everything that he believed in when he was soliciting the suffrages of his fellow-citizens of Birmingham in his candidature for their Town Council. His speech at Camberwell was an appeal to the ignorance and the selfishness of the least enlightened of the citizens of London. It was at the same time a remarkable exposure of his own contemptuous disregard for facts. His audience had been admitted by ticket, and may therefore be presumed to have consisted chiefly of people in sympathy with himself. Yet even the gorge of Camberwell rose against the tissue of stupid misrepresentations which Mr. Chamberlain asked them to swallow. Probably it was never before given to a Cabinet Minister—certainly never before to a Minister of the pretentiousness of Mr. Chamberlain—to find himself assailed with cries of derision and contempt when trying to induce an assembly of ratepayers to vote with him on a question of municipal policy. The Member for West Birmingham must have driven away from his Camberwell meeting sore at heart, and with the consciousness of the fact that even the South London ratepayers had been aware that in his recantation of all his former views on municipal administration he was merely eating dirt in public in order to justify himself in the eyes of his somewhat suspicious task-masters, the Tory wire-pullers. From first to last his speech was the speech of a vestryman appealing for the preservation of his cherished rights for the sake of his own personal interests. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour have both during this County Council contest made mischievous and dishonest speeches. They have both striven to compass the destruction of London in order to serve the interests of their own class and party. But neither of them sank to the depth of humiliation into which Mr. Chamberlain plunged on Tuesday night when he besought the people of London to oppose all the principles of local administration which, in his more wholesome days, he advocated so strenuously and successfully in Birmingham.

Lord Rosebery, in a speech which has commanded the admiration of all parties by its power and eloquence, raised the question at issue to its true level. In this battle, as he showed conclusively, the friends of London have been fighting against the enemies of London. Nothing less than the degradation and disintegration of the greatest city in the world is the object which the Tory party has been striving to attain in this election. All that the citizens of London have asked is that they might be allowed to enjoy the rights which were accorded more than sixty years ago to all the other chief cities in England and Scotland. It does not strike one as being an immodest request, and nobody acquainted with the management of the local affairs of our provincial towns, except an apostate like Mr. Chamberlain, can pretend to be alarmed by it. But the writers in the London Tory newspapers, who are more ignorant on some matters than the humblest of provincial journalists, have raised shrieks of alarm over the attempts of the London County Council to follow in the wake of the Councils of Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool. Foolish Tory Members of Parliament, who knew nothing beyond the instructions of the party whips, have seen nothing less than "red ruin and the breaking-up of laws" in the efforts made by the representatives of London to bring the government of the capital into line with the governments of Glasgow and Birmingham. The Progressive party has been denounced as a Socialist party because it has dared to use its powers to make the life of the great masses of the people of London a little brighter and healthier and happier than it was before; and the cry has gone forth that London must be dismembered, that its administrative unity must be destroyed, and that its inhabitants must once more be thrust under the yoke of the vestries, lest vested interests and the claims of the privileged classes should suffer for the sake of the community at large. Lord Rosebery's noble peroration, in which he touched with the spirit of a poet as well as a statesman upon the grandeur of the great city which is not only the greatest in the world but the capital of the greatest empire known to history, set one side of the criminal conspiracy against London in its true light before the eyes of the country. That peroration alone should have sufficed to open the eyes of the electors to their duty. If that did not do so, then surely Mr. Chamberlain's astounding assertion that London—the London to which the world looks in wondering admiration—was not a city at all but a mere collection of squalid hamlets and villages, having no common life or common purpose, ought certainly to have had this effect.

Whatever may have been the predominating influence in the great contest of Thursday, the fact remains that the people of London did perceive the danger which threatened the capital of the empire, and, by an outburst of municipal patriotism such as we have rarely seen before, succeeded in averting it. In doing so they have not only inflicted a heavy blow upon the reputation of the Ministry—a blow which must stagger even Mr.

Chamberlain's robust self-confidence—but they have put an end to the nefarious schemes, hatched in the interests of monopolists and capitalists, by means of which Lord Salisbury and his friends sought to hamstring the government of London. Ministers will be too wise to persist in their wrecking policy now that they know that by doing so they will certainly convert into political as well as municipal opponents the electors who put them in so hopeless a minority on Thursday. London has been saved, and saved by the old Liberal party led by Lord Rosebery. We cannot believe that the peril which has now been averted will ever threaten us again.

THE ARMY.

THERE are many things in the new army scheme which we have ourselves recommended and which we are bound to commend. The proposals for decentralisation of control are doubtless open to the objection urged by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, that they involve the domination of the military element in military administration. But we are unable to regard this as necessarily evil. Military men will be certain to make from time to time unreasonable financial demands, but they will probably make a rather better use of whatever money is voted to them than would civilians. It is essential that everything possible should be done to increase the responsibility and interest of regimental work. In the recent Indian campaign there have been many lamentable examples of the ignorance among staff officers, and indeed among brigade commanders, of the actual work of moving troops. There was enormous loss of life on several occasions owing to the miscalculation of the time necessary for retirement after a reconnaissance, one of the elementary duties of the Staff, but one which books alone cannot teach. The increase in the artillery was an absolute necessity, and the only question is whether the Government proposal goes far enough. As to the cavalry, we have more doubt. The cavalry used to be a show branch of the service, for which good riding and pluck were the main requirements. But the days of the Light Brigade are past. The cavalry must in future wars be to a large extent the brains of the service, serving the intelligence department as scouts and in reconnaissances. The British cavalry officer, unfortunately, has not moved with the times. The absurd costliness of the regimental life, which the authorities make no effectual effort to repress, makes the service impossible for a poor man. The consequence is that numbers of youths who have failed to qualify for infantry cadetships are given commissions in the cavalry which the poorer but cleverer men could not accept. Many of these young men have no intention of remaining soldiers all their lives. They marry, or succeed to their fathers' property, and retire just when they might be becoming efficient. Others have to leave their regiments because they cannot "go the pace." As a natural consequence the average English cavalry officer is the richest and the least intelligent in Europe. The Government have entirely failed to grapple with the real problem of the cavalry service.

The main controversy must, however, centre round the proposals for an increase in the rank and file of the army. We believe the extra 3d. a day to efficient soldiers enlisted for seven years is only just, though its full consequences have scarcely been realised. The total average cost per head of the 150,200 non-commissioned officers and men on home or colonial service, including pay, deferred pay, clothing, rations, fuel and light, transport, equipment, ammunition, barrack accommodation, and medical attendance, will now come to rather less than £60 a year. This is not a large cost, having regard to the fact, which must never be lost sight of, that the soldier is liable to serve in tropical countries where other white men require much more than the standard wages at home. If the commercial classes continue to clamour for tropical expansion, they must expect to pay in the future an even higher average wage than £60 a year as the price of the defence of their new markets. But unfortunately one aspect of the increase affects others besides the home taxpayer. The British army in India numbers over 70,000 men, almost all of whom will in the course of a few years receive the extra 3d. Taking the exchange at 1s. 4d., this increased charge will mean nearly half a million of tens of rupees per annum, a very sensible addition to the burdens of India.

But apart from the cost to India and to England, we doubt whether the change will effect the object aimed at. The Government require, as they assure us, some 20,000 additional men. How are they going to get them? They are evidently fully aware that the extra 3d. a day is not enough of itself, for they propose to introduce into every regiment a new element—soldiers who may be said to be taking military service on approbation. There will be in every battalion at home 100 men who have enlisted for three years only, and who, even if they are efficient, will not receive the extra 3d. a day. These men will not usually be sent abroad, except in case of war, and they will, if they do not re-enlist, serve for a further term of years in the reserve, but without periodical trainings. It may easily be believed that most young men enlisting hereafter will try to get taken on as three-years' soldiers. Until they become efficient there is obviously no inducement to take the longer obligation, and so soon as they become efficient they will probably be readily taken on the seven-years' list and get their extra 3d. They will in the meantime have had some experience of what the life is like, and this is in itself an advantage which may induce enlistment, for there are doubtless many who would become soldiers if they thought they could get out again if they did not like it. But we much doubt whether the three-years' men will be, as Mr. Brodrick hopes, of a different class from those who now enlist. They will be a small element in each regiment, not perhaps the most popular with the officers or men. They will occupy so long as they stay in the army what is really an inferior position, but without any separate advantages. We believe in three years' service, but we should like to see it the invariable term of enlistment, in the first instance, for home service. It might then be possible to procure under the voluntary system something corresponding in quality, if not in size, to the Continental conscript armies. From the three-years' men enough might be drawn to enlist a separate army for tropical service, which would give the soldier so inclined a life's career. The Government have really fallen between two stools. We expect they will find that the 100 places in each regiment will rapidly be filled up with men of precisely the same class as have been enlisted hitherto, but that so soon as they are filled, men will actually delay enlisting until there are vacancies in the three-year places. The man who hesitates is lost to the army. We should not be surprised if the number of recruits obtained in the coming two years were somewhat smaller than during the two years now past, unless, indeed, hard times were to come to the aid of the recruiting sergeant.

DO WE GAIN IN CHINA?

THE House of Commons has unanimously resolved "that it is of vital importance for British commerce and influence that the independence of Chinese territory should be maintained." There is a proverbial period when shutting the stable door becomes a futile operation, and perhaps the disastrous defeat of China by Japan in 1894 may be regarded in this case as the moment when the steed escaped from the stall. But if the House chooses, before it is counted out on a Tuesday evening, to indulge in the expression of a harmless platitude, we do not know that there is much reason for complaint. Most sensible men, however, as well Conservatives as Liberals, would have been glad to see so grave and important a subject, involving political and commercial questions of the first magnitude, raised by politicians of more weight and dignity than Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and Mr. Gibson Bowles. To criticise their maunderings would be waste of time and loss of self-respect. But the motion led to an interesting debate, or rather dialogue, between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Curzon, which brought out clearly enough the attitude of the Opposition, and to some extent, though less clearly, the policy of the Government. Ministers have frankly acknowledged that their opponents give them full latitude in dealing with the regulation, which may become the partition, of China, and do not attempt to make capital out of any apparent failure in their diplomacy. Mr. Curzon paid on Tuesday a tribute which was no more than just to the ability of Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister at Pekin. There is much, however, in the situation which remains obscure. The actual loan for which China asked in order that she might be able to pay the Japnense indemnity has been obtained. The money will be jointly provided by a British and a German bank. That is not, on the face of it, a political transaction at all. But, of course, the negotiations cannot be regarded as simply a private arrangement between the Chinese Government and the banks. In the first place, it must be remembered that her Majesty's Ministers originally acceded to the Chinese demand for a loan on British credit, but that the conditions attached to the offer were refused by the Government of China. Mr. Curzon says, and we believe, that those conditions would merely have secured freedom of trade between China and the rest of the world without doing the smallest injury to any foreign Power. But, nevertheless, they were rejected by the influence of Sir Claude Macdonald's diplomatic colleagues The result may have been inevitable, and was certainly not Sir Claude's fault. But it is hardly one of Lord Salisbury's triumphs.

Sir William Harcourt gave a complete answer to the charge that the late Government had acted unwisely in refusing to unite with other European Powers for the purpose of coercing Japan and taking from her the fruits of her victory. That would have been a very short-sighted course to adopt, although we gather from Mr. Curzon's remarks that Lord Salisbury would have adopted it. For Japan is the rising Power in Eastern Asia, and she is now our friend, whereas she would then have been our enemy. If Europe had intervened to stop the war, there might have been something to say for an action which, however high-handed, would have preserved peace. But to stand still while Japan won in fair fight, and then come forward on the losing side, which had nothing except misfortune to recommend it, was neither generosity nor statesmanship. On the other hand, Mr. Curzon had little or nothing to say on behalf of his chief against Sir William Harcourt's complaint that the Government allowed and almost encouraged alarm for which there was no foundation. We all remember the startling effect produced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer when he declared at Swansea that British interests in China, and especially the right of free trade, would be asserted even at the cost or risk of war. People naturally said that when the Minister who by virtue of his office had the strongest reasons for being pacific used language of that kind, we must be within measurable distance of actual hostilities. It now appears that there was no ground for the scare, that nobody had threatened our position, and that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was only relieving his feelings after dinner. Lord Salisbury's language is explicit. "I am bound at the same time to say," he told the House of Lords, "lest it should be supposed that we have been maintaining a desperate diplomatic battle in favour of the Treaty of Tien-tsin, that nobody has ever yet suggested the slightest intention of infringing any of the rights we enjoy under that Treaty." The Treaty of Tien-tsin was concluded in 1858, and provides among other things that the British Government and its subjects should enjoy "all privileges, immunities, and advantages" conferred by the Emperor of China upon any other nation. Surely in these circumstances it was the duty of responsible statesmen to allay and not to foster public uneasiness and suspicion. Parliament was not sitting, and Lord Salisbury has no constituents. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer has, and is not chary of addressing them. Yet, instead of reassuring his countrymen by telling them what he knew, and they did not, he went out of his way to aggravate the crisis, and to make things appear worse than they were. Mr. Curzon, following Lord Salisbury's lead, said: "Russia has sent ships of war to Port Arthur, and if blame is to be attached to her for doing so, Her Majesty's Government must be included in the accusation, for a fortnight ago we did exactly the same thing." So that the alleged occupation of Port Arthur by Russia was no excuse for Sir Michael's eccentric outburst. We could understand the principle that no member of the Cabinet except Lord Salisbury, and his Under-Secretary, who directly represents him, should say anything about foreign affairs. But that they should speak of them only to excite groundless alarms, and foster causeless resentment, is a practice incapable of justification.

Mr. Curzon's speech on Tuesday, though able in substance and moderate in tone, was not altogether satisfactory, nor even quite in harmony with Lord Salisbury's language on the opening day of the Session. Mr. Curzon's style has improved in office. He has become less bombastic, and speaks more to the point. But the stain of Jingoism is not effaced in a year, and it still clings to Mr. Curzon. After stating, fairly enough, that the Government desired to prevent the disruption of China, and would do nothing to provoke it, he went on to say, "I can conceive of circumstances arising in the future, circumstances gravely affecting and perhaps seriously imperilling our interests in China, which might require and even compel us to depart from that attitude of reserve." Now there are only two policies which the Government may pursue in China. They may insist upon the maintenance of treaty rights, especially the "most favoured nation clause" in the Treaty of Tien-tsin. In that they would be supported by the whole country, and if the Prime Minister knows what he is talking about they would encounter no resistance from any European Power. Such a policy is sensible, statesmanlike, and conducive to the peace of the world. The alternative which we have mentioned, and to which Mr. Curzon unmistakably alluded, is to keep our hands off

Chinese territory so long as other countries observe equal self-control, but to begin grabbing as soon as they do. If the Government have any such idea as that, they will not receive the sympathy of the Opposition, and they will encourage a dangerous spirit of unrest which may make the maintenance of peace impossible. The four concessions obtained from China already, and enumerated by Mr. Curzon, are valuable and welcome. The opening of Chinese rivers to internal navigation will give facilities for taking British merchandise in British ships to riverside towns and stations throughout China. The promise not to give away the Yang-tsze is not perhaps worth very much. It is the richest part of China, and China would never part with it unless it were taken from her by force. That the Inspector-General shall be an Englishman so long as British trade predominates in China is a stipulation upon which Lord Salisbury was right to insist. As our trade is at present more than eighty per cent. of the whole, Sir Robert Hart may feel secure in his post. If any Power demanded Sir Robert's dismissal, which we do not believe, the demand must be regarded as definitely withdrawn. The opening of a port in Hunan two years hence is the fourth and last of the concessions which China makes in return for the loan. Until the promised papers, so long delayed, have been produced, it is impossible to pronounce a final judgment upon Lord Salisbury's policy. But he seems to have made a better bargain than was originally supposed, and the violent attacks upon him in his own organs of the press rested upon no surer foundation than the belief of their authors that he would always give way.

A NEW PHASE IN GERMAN POLITICS.

THE German Government has accomplished an unexpected and really considerable feat. In spite of the well-intentioned, but most inconvenient, assistance rendered by the Emperor, it has succeeded in convincing the steady, well-to-do, business-like mass of the electorate of the Empire of the desirability of the scheme for increasing the navy, which this time last year was regarded as extravagant, and even four months ago seemed sure of rejection. A very active press propaganda has been carried on, both in the better known organs of the Government and in the little local papers which contain official intelligence and inspired communications from Berlin. But two other influences have been more potent: the acquisition of Kiao-Chau, and the general tendency of German trade towards expansion. It is true that for the protection of trade second-class cruisers are more useful than battleships; but the representatives of the German people in the Reichstag appear to be in a compliant mood. They have agreed to grant the full demands of the Imperial memorandum put forward a year ago, and fix the strength of the fleet for seven years to come. They are to pledge two future Parliaments to vote certain appropriations annually, and to specify the ships to which these appropriations are to be devoted. They have, indeed, made some apparent modifications in the scheme. There are to be no new demands, even if there is a revolution in naval warfare meanwhile; the sums specified are to be a maximum, not a minimum. So, at least, Herr Lieber's principal amendment requires. But it is said to be possible for the naval authorities to evade this requirement by diverting to shipbuilding money destined for naval works on shore, and then seeking absolution and fresh appropriations *ex post facto*. Nor is it at all clear that the Government will accept the amendment ultimately. On the other hand, so far as the Bill can do it, the Reichstag is pledged to see that the plan is carried out. Any reduction in the sum spent can only take place, according to another of Herr Lieber's amendments, with the leave of the Reichstag and the Federal Council; and as the Prussian Government is the determining influence in the Council, it is certain that such leave will never be given.

It is easy to see constitutional objections to the Bill. A moribund Reichstag should not bind its successor; and the Bill, though it has a precedent in our own Naval Defence Act, goes beyond it both in the time covered and in the specific and detailed character of its provisions. Indeed, as it fixes precisely the strength of the German navy, and the exact periods at which ships are to be regarded as worn-out replaced by others, it may be said, with some German papers, to introduce "not a Septennate, but an Eternate." But the Budget Committee has shown itself in a very compliant mood. The National Liberals and Conservatives were, of course, enthusiastic, and one belated supporter of the "mercantile system" actually expressed a wish that the Imperial and State debts were larger, "because then money would stay at home instead of going abroad." The less Liberal section of the Liberals had given up their opposition long ago. The other Liberals and the Poles were still hostile; but even the Socialists, as represented by Herr Bebel, suggested that the scheme might be made tolerable if it were paid for by an Imperial income tax. The Centre hastened to adopt this suggestion; but, according to the Secretary of the Treasury, the expense is to be met out of the natural expansion of revenue. It is hardly surprising that, in view of the prospects in China and elsewhere, the constitutional scruples of the majority should have given way.

There is, however, another cause for the improvement in the prospects of the scheme. The balance in the Reichstag is held by the Catholic Centre; and some of the party have from the first been inclined to favour the scheme—which is not surprising, seeing how largely industrial are the districts which that party represents. But the mass of the party seems now to have gone over; and if so, the opposition to the Bill—Liberals, Socialists, Poles, and various small independent groups—can hardly muster more than a hundred votes among the 397 members who make up the Reichstag. Now it is at least probable that the Catholic Centre, which has always been wont to bargain with the Government, expects to get something for its compliance. Last autumn the Emperor hinted, *apropos* of the Benedictines who have taken the place formerly held by the Jesuits at Laach, not far from Coblenz, that religious orders which worked in accordance with the law of the land were altogether a credit to the country; and the Catholic Centre has long been agitating for the return of the Jesuits, but even resolutions of the Reichstag to this end have had no effect. It can hardly be doubted that, though there has been no explicit bargaining, the compliance of the Centre is meant to have its price, and will have it. In that case, the Government will draw nearer the Centre and a little further away from the Ultra-Tories. And any estrangement between it and these latter is a good thing for German civilisation.

The acceptance of the Bill, moreover, has another effect. The General Election will come in a few months' time. Were the Navy Bill one of the issues, it is probable that a good many independent voters would be drawn off from the forces of the

Opposition. If it is out of the way, the conflict will be between the various sections of the Opposition, on the one hand, and the Agrarians and Reactionists on the other. Herr Barth's organ some time ago urged the Liberals generally to work for this end; and it certainly involves the presentation of tolerably clear issues to the electorate. It would have been a pity to strengthen the Reactionists by adventitious means. It is eminently desirable that the Liberal Opposition of all sorts should be as strong as possible. And finally, whatever we may think of the wisdom of Germany in demanding additional battleships, the provision now made is so very modest, compared with our own, that it need not excite even the Navy League.

INSURANCE.

IN bringing under notice the report for 1897 of the National Mutual Life Assurance Society, we may remind our readers that the Society is the product of an amalgamation of two well-known offices whose names are incorporated in its present title. Probably of all the amalgamations which have been effected in recent years that of the National with the Mutual is the most notable. For this was no case of absorption, no disappearance of a small and tottering concern into one of great opulence and popularity, but a genuine coalition of forces between two sound and eminently respectable societies, with no disparity to speak of either in wealth or standing, though possibly sharing in the stress of modern competition certain disabilities which the happy remedy of amalgamation has removed. The National and the Mutual were practically coetaneous concerns, the former having been founded in 1830 and the latter in 1834, both on the "mutual" principle. Of the two societies the National was perhaps the more vigorous, so far as acquisition and development of business is concerned, the Mutual, on the other hand, pursuing a more cautious method, but certainly showing to better advantage in its periodical valuations. The surpluses of the National, indeed, experienced a marked fall in two successive valuations, while the figures of the Mutual over an equal period exhibited a steady maintenance of profit. The members of the National, therefore, may congratulate themselves on an invaluable fortification of its financial position, while a prospect of great promise is opened up to the policyholders of the Mutual by the addition to its business connections of the large and active organisation of the National. A union of forces, such as is exemplified by this amalgamation, may certainly be expected to operate to the advantage of all concerned, while an immediate gain, both in economy and in administrative efficiency, is almost invariably the experience of a society so formed, the present case being by no means an exception to the rule.

On the score of economy—a matter which can hardly be too closely considered in estimating the prospects of a life office—the report before us gives very gratifying intelligence. The ratio of expenditure to premium income is stated to be less than 14·8 per cent., a ratio so much below that shown by either of the combined Societies prior to the amalgamation that this item must be regarded as the most important feature of the report. It must be admitted, however, that other points are distinctly satisfactory. The Society appears to have been specially favoured by fortune throughout the Jubilee Year. To start with, there was an increase of £55,000 in the sums assured (less reassurances) under new policies, and an increase of £2,172 in the net new premiums. Then the mortality experience was favourable, the total claims being less by £12,081 than those for 1896; interest on the entire funds, invested and uninvested, realised the excellent average rate of £4 1s. 6d. per cent., and the accumulated funds at the end of 1897 showed an increase for the year of £59,154. To those of its members who are desirous of knowing precisely in what channels the funds of the Society are placed, the report also affords the fullest possible information, the particulars in the balance-sheet being supplemented by a detailed list of all the securities held as at 31st December last. It is only necessary to add that this list indicates care and skill in dealing with the finances of the Society; the funds appear to be placed in the safest possible manner compatible with the yield of a reasonable rate of interest.

The National Mutual appears now to be fairly launched upon a successful career. It is equipped with all the qualities requisite to the enterprise, having age, wealth, and reputation in its favour. Moreover, in the administration of the Society since the amalgamation in 1896 there has been indicated a combination of modern ideas and systems with the more restrained methods of earlier days; and experience has shown that a judicious combination of energy and caution in the management of a life office is the best possible assistance to its prospects of enduring success.

At a time like the present, when the claims of accident and employers' liability companies are being specially pressed upon the public, an institution which deserves special attention by virtue of its magnitude, its experience, and its prominent position among kindred concerns is the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation. The Ocean has just issued its accounts and report for the year 1897, and these, revealing as they do soundness and continued prosperity, should not only be gratifying to the shareholders and to present insurers, but should serve the Corporation in good stead in the competition for employers' liability business which is expected to follow the coming into force of the new Workmen's Compensation Act. The Ocean had, indeed, a splendid year in 1897, the premiums received showing the large increase of £89,000 over those of the preceding year, and the income from investments rising from £10,344 to £12,140. The Company paid claims amounting to £144,598, and after debiting all charges and expenses and making provision for claims in abeyance, the accounts show (including the amount brought forward) a credit balance of £146,809. During the year the authorised capital of the Corporation was increased to £1,000,000, and further share capital issued on which the amount paid was £32,174. We are told that the shares offered to the shareholders and the public were greatly over-subscribed at no less than 250 per cent., certainly a record so far as shares of this description are concerned. With proper forethought the Board used the balance of premium and subscribed capital to fortify the reserve fund, and this now stands at the satisfactory total of £200,000, as against one-half of that sum in 1896. It will thus be seen that the Ocean is conducting a growing and prosperous business, and that it will be a formidable competitor in the important branches of insurance which come within the scope of its operations.

FINANCE.

A DECIDEDLY better feeling has existed during the present week, especially in regard to the relations between this country and France. M. Hanotaux's statements were reassuring, and Mr. Curzon's speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday has likewise helped to restore confidence. On the other hand, some uneasiness continues respecting Cuba. Early in the week very grave apprehensions were entertained, but the Jingo party in the United States seems to be losing ground, while there is a very general belief that President McKinley will not allow himself to be

hurried into a policy which he does not approve. Still, the outlook is felt by most people to be anything but reassuring. As yet, there is no reasonable probability that Cuba will settle down and accept the autonomy offered by the Spanish Government. The stock markets all through the week have been dull and almost lifeless. Now that there is a strong demand for loans and discounts and rates are high, investors are dissatisfied with the very low rates of interest obtainable from first-class securities, and of late there has been a decided tendency for the sale of such securities, many of the larger houses in the City especially having sold railway debentures. In some cases, this is done because of the general improvement in business; in others, it is done to take advantage of the better rates in the Money Market. In others still, there is probably a feeling that it is unwise to keep money locked up in securities which yield less return than would be obtainable in the Money Market, and, therefore, there is greater inclination than ever to buy somewhat more speculative securities. Just before the war scare in the United States there was more speculation in American securities than there had been for several years, and, indeed, during the first two or three days of the war scare many operators here bought, believing that the scare was exaggerated and that there would be a sharp recovery. But the continuance of the scare led to a sharp fall in prices, and many speculators lost heavily. In consequence, there has been a good deal of selling of other securities, partly American, partly mining, and the like, and thus the fall in the American market has caused a fall in other departments. Naturally, in this state of things there is a good deal of discussion as to whether the coming Chinese Loan will be a success. It will yield a comparatively high rate of interest, and therefore will tempt many persons who are looking out for a better return on their money than they can obtain on really good securities. On the other hand, it is known that the revenue yielded by the maritime customs is nearly absorbed by the interest and sinking funds of the several existing loans. Consequently, part of the security for the new loan will be the Likin, or internal customs, of two or three provinces. But what assurance there is that the Likin can be collected remains to be seen. Sir Robert Hart has been able to collect the maritime customs at the treaty ports. But will he have the same power to get in the internal customs at inland stations? If the public can be satisfied on these points, no doubt the loan will be a great success. Otherwise, of course, it will be taken, for it is underwritten, but it will not be taken by *bonâ fide* investors.

The Money Market continues very tight. The rate of interest for short loans is practically three per cent. The Bank of England is doing a very large business and has complete control of the outside market. In all reasonable probability it will retain the control for some time to come. The Chinese Loan has already been underwritten. It will, therefore, result in transferring a very considerable sum from the outside market to the Bank of England. And the Greek Loan will follow shortly afterwards, and will tend, likewise, to lessen the supplies in the open market. Lastly, the war scare in the United States has led to a small shipment of gold to New York. Some was bought in the open market, and a small amount was taken out of the Bank of England. If the scare should be renewed it is probable that the shipments may be considerable. If confidence returns they will hardly amount to much, although it is true that the demand for currency in the interior is very strong at present; and furthermore, that there is a break-down of an overloaded speculation. In India the Money Market grows more and more stringent, and the poorer classes are suffering severely. Naturally, there is a very strong demand for India Council drafts. On Wednesday the Council offered for tender as usual 40 lacs, and the applications amounted to 111½ lacs. The whole amount was alloted, slightly over 19½ lacs being in bills at 1s. $3\frac{29}{32}$d. per rupee, and nearly 20½ lacs in transfers, one lac being sold at 1s. $4\frac{1}{16}$d. per rupee, and the remaining 19½ lacs at 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee. Subsequently 3 lacs were sold by private contract at 1s. $4\frac{1}{16}$d. per rupee.

The Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, Limited, invites subscriptions for £220,000 four per cent. debenture stock repayable at par May 1st, 1928, or redeemable at the company's option on and after May 1908, at 105. The object of this issue is to repay terminable debentures amounting to nearly £219,000.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway Company invites subscriptions at 99 for £150,000 four per cent. second debenture stock, ranking equal with the existing stock, and repayable at par on July 1st, 1956.

The Edison-Bell Consolidated Phonograph Company, Limited, has a share capital of 10,000 six per cent. cumulative preference shares of £10 each, and 10,000 ordinary shares of £1 each. After the ordinary receive a dividend of six per cent. the preference get one-third of any surplus. Applications are now invited for £85,000 five per cent. first mortgage debenture stock at par, and also for 8,500 preference shares.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—The Cricklade election put the Liberals in high spirits yesterday. They had been hopeful from the first of winning the seat, but latterly an impression had got about that the fight would be a severe one, and the rattling majority secured by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice was therefore a welcome surprise. It is hoped that in Stepney another seat may be secured for the party of progress. The necessity for contesting a Metropolitan constituency of this character at the present crisis is generally recognised.

Where is the old peace party? It was certainly not in evidence last night when Mr. Brodrick was explaining the need for more money for the army. He appeared to be preaching to the converted. Even Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who stoutly affirmed not long ago that the army could have all the reform it needed without requiring any additional money, seemed to have been reduced to silence. Mr. Labouchere stayed away, apparently convinced by his experience of the previous evening that this House is hopelessly wrong on the question of Little Englandism; and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who always has the courage of his opinions, was also absent, having gone to the Riviera to recruit his somewhat delicate health. To those amongst us who can recall forty years of political life there is nothing more extraordinary than the change in the tone and temper of the House of Commons on these questions of naval and military expenditure and of foreign policy. Old men must feel that they are living in another world from that which they knew in their youth.

So the era of proscription has been opened in Paris, and meanwhile intelligent Frenchmen have the bitter pain of knowing that their country is condemned by the opinion of the whole civilised world. English, German, even Italian, condemnation they could doubtless understand, but what can they say when they see that Russia shows just as much disgust at the proceedings of the last few weeks as Germany herself does! It seems as though France had fallen victim to another *débâcle*.

Sunday.—There was a great gathering of people of light and leading at Lord Rosebery's house last night, and many mutual congratulations over the fact that a *salon* once so famous had been reopened. The talk yesterday ran almost as much upon local

as Imperial politics. The big fight of next Thursday for the London County Council is engrossing the attention of politicians of both parties, for it is known that a great deal will depend upon the way in which London responds to the appeal made to it by the Prime Minister to kill the County Council. I am glad to know that the leading Progressives on the Council are full of hope as to the result of Thursday's election.

The choice of Mr. Steadman as candidate in the Radical interest for Stepney may possibly be a good one; but if the local committee had the chance of securing a candidate of such exceptional strength as Mr. H. W. Lawson, it is strange that they did not do so.

Monday.—Lord Salisbury's illness became known at the Clubs yesterday evening, and accounts which seem happily to have been exaggerated were at once widespread. Real and universal regret was felt at the fact of the Prime Minister's break-down. The bitterest opponent of his policy has no desire to see him hampered by illness at a moment of such grave emergency as the present. Moreover, the Liberal party has noted with gratitude the kindly sympathy shown by the other side with regard to Mr. Gladstone, and it would be loth to show itself less sympathetic towards the leader of the Tory party. A sudden rise in temperature was the symptom which caused Lord Salisbury's friends most uneasiness yesterday, and it may be hoped that it has now passed away.

The attempt upon the life of the King of the Greeks, detestable as it is, cannot be regarded as an unmixed misfortune for his Majesty himself. The charges that have been made against him with so much virulence and persistency in certain quarters both abroad and in England, have undoubtedly inflicted some injury to his popularity. This dastardly attempt upon his life, and the courage and self-possession he showed under fire, will undoubtedly do something to re-establish him in the favour of his people, and thus good may come out of evil.

Tuesday.—Lord Salisbury's illness is exciting some alarm, for it is now admitted that he is suffering from influenza. Fortunately that epidemic is now passing away, after having raged furiously for several weeks. Lord Salisbury is not, however, a good "subject," and anxiety will continue to be felt until his convalescence has been established. In the meantime it is now generally admitted the stories to which I have referred during the past two or three weeks, of a struggle in the Cabinet between Mr. Chamberlain and the Prime Minister, are well founded. It is universally believed that in this struggle Lord Salisbury triumphed, and the utmost satisfaction is expressed at this fact even by Tories themselves. Whatever may be his weakness in dealing with other nations, there is no doubt that Lord Salisbury is generally regarded as being a much safer guide than Mr. Chamberlain. The Colonial Secretary does not, of course, share this opinion, and he is believed to be very much chagrined at the turn affairs have taken. People are beginning to realise the fact that we are not yet out of the wood so far as Chinese affairs are concerned. A few days ago the supporters of the Ministry were jubilant over the victory which British diplomacy was supposed to have achieved in its dealings both with Russia and China. Now the jubilation is giving way to a fit of apprehension, and we have the *Times* asking whether, after all, either Russia or Germany has really undertaken to make free ports of the points of Chinese territories they have seized. It looks as though another "graceful concession" of the usual kind had been made, and next year the Prime Minister will probably be explaining to an intelligent Tory audience how sad it all is, and how impossible it was for Great Britain to prevent herself being duped.

Wednesday.—It is long since there has been a meeting in London like that in St. James's Hall yesterday evening, when Lord Rosebery, emerging from his retirement, came to the help of the people of London against the forces of corruption and Bumbledom. It recalled, indeed, the days of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright; for the ex-Premier had a reception such as only one or two men of our time could count upon when they appeared in public. Of his speech there is no need to say much. Newspapers which are not over friendly to Lord Rosebery are enthusiastic about it this morning, and everywhere there is perceptible the feeling that a living force has returned to public work and public life. For the present it is only non-partisan work that seems to make its claims felt by Lord Rosebery; but those who listened to him last night, and those who read his great speech this morning, will be slow to believe that when the proper season arrives he will not be found at the head of a great and united party.

It is curious to note the contrast between the appearance of Lord Rosebery at St. James's Hall and that of Mr. Chamberlain in Camberwell, which once enjoyed the honour of Mr. Chamberlain's service in the humble but honest capacity of a shoemaker. It is one of Mr. Chamberlain's best characteristics that, so far from showing any false shame respecting his origin, he has made public mention of his early connection with the boot and shoe trade. The pity is that in returning to his early home he should have made it his business to recant in public almost all that was left of the principles with which he started upon his political career. Up to yesterday he might still claim to be a municipal reformer. Now he has donned the livery of Mr. Bumble, and preaches in London doctrines which would effectually prevent his being re-elected to the Town Council of Birmingham. It was not an edifying spectacle that he offered last night to those who remembered his former life; but it must be noted to his credit that he seemed conscious of the fact, and was obviously ill at ease under the ironical interruptions to which he had to submit.

Thursday.—I went early this morning to record my vote for the County Council. In my district, which happens to be politically the darkest in all London, there was very little stir at the polling station. There was nobody in the room when I entered, except the three poll clerks, who looked already as though they were bored to death. As I was leaving after voting another citizen came in for the purpose of doing his duty, and that was all. If London is apathetic after all that has been done to rouse the spirit of the great city the outlook is a bad one. I find that there is not so much confidence among the Progressive leaders as to the result as there was a few days ago. It is freely rumoured that "beer" has been turned into the arena, and beer is a worse enemy of progress than even Mr. Joseph Chamberlain himself. However, four and twenty hours will relieve our suspense.

If we are to have a new course of newspaper polemics like that which is being carried on between the *Temps* and the *Times*, we shall see the peace of the world in very imminent danger before we are many days older. It is disappointing to find the *Temps* taking the line it does in its latest issue. M. de Pressensé is not only an able and upright journalist, but a sincere friend of peace, and one cannot forget that he has proved his friendliness towards Great Britain on many different occasions. But he has made a great mistake in putting forward the *beati possidentis* argument. That is the kind of argument which is only used when men mean to fight if their possession is disputed. Inasmuch as the French right to Nikki and Boussa is very strenuously disputed by the British Government, it is dangerous to rely upon mere possession as a convincing argument. A fortnight ago the French press was cool enough on the subject of West Africa; but now that the immediate pressure of the Zola trial is over it seems to be rushing into the other extreme.

Friday.—The result of the County Council elections is, it must be admitted, a surprise for everybody. Although in the opening days of the struggle the hopes of the Progressives ran high, yet as time passed and it was seen that the whole Tory organisation, with the Government at its head, was being employed to whip the stubborn Toryism of London into action, the fears of the friends of progress began to outweigh their hopes, and yesterday the feeling in Liberal circles was one of despondency. It was only towards night, when the reports from the different polling stations were brought in, that hope revived. There is no need to say that the result announced this morning will be a very serious matter for Lord Salisbury's Government. The London Bill about which we have heard so much will have to be recast or abandoned—unless Lord Salisbury is prepared to face a hostile capital when he next appeals to the electors. Incidentally we have had fresh proof of the delightful fact that whenever Mr. Chamberlain intervenes in an election he does infinitely more harm to his friends than to his opponents. Even Camberwell can see through him.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

V.—What a Reformed Second Chamber should be.

IN the last preceding article on the House of Lords it was observed that the question whether a Second Chamber ought or ought not to be retained cannot well be discussed without some view as to what a reformed Second Chamber should be—that is to say, how it should be composed and what powers it should enjoy. In considering this question, which needs far more full and careful discussion than has yet been accorded to it, two things have to be done. We must ask ourselves, first, what sort of a reformed Second Chamber the country needs; and secondly, how such a Second Chamber can be created—that is to say, what materials we have for forming it, and in what way ought its functions to be adjusted to those of the other and predominant House. It is with the former of these questions that we propose to deal in this article. Assuming that the nation is not prepared to entrust its fortunes absolutely and entirely to one Chamber, assuming that no plebiscitary or *Referendum* scheme has yet been shown to be workable, and assuming that in keeping some sort of Second Chamber the nation desires to have one which can be useful to the country in place of one which, like the House of Lords, has for the last century or more been almost purely mischievous, what are the qualities and character which such a new Second Chamber ought to possess? We will try to state some points on which the majority of Liberals are likely to be agreed.

The first point is one in which not only Liberals but men of all parties will be in accord. The Second Chamber must not attempt to be equal in its powers to the House of Commons. Such an equality, though it exists in some countries, is not compatible either with our traditions or with our system of Cabinet Government. The "Other House" cannot be allowed to assert the function of installing or dismissing a Ministry, nor can it be granted the same functions in matters of finance as the Commons. It must be content to hold the second place in the governmental machinery of the country.

It must, however, if it is to have any value, be so composed as to command the esteem and confidence of the nation, and secure a respectful consideration for any action it takes. This it will be unable to do if either party obtains a great and permanent preponderance in it. So soon as it is perceived to be merely the organ of one party, it will incur the dislike and suspicion of the other. This does not happen to the House of Commons, even when, as at present, one party absolutely commands it, because the people feel that it is they who have made the existing House what it is, and because they know that after a general election its colour may be totally different. It has happened to the present House of Lords because its party colour is always the same, and its motives are perceived to be purely partisan. Accordingly some plan is needed which shall prevent a new Second Chamber from passing permanently and entirely into the control of one party. Moreover, in order to have the confidence of the people, it must have some direct relation and sense of duty to the people, must feel that its members are answerable to the people for their conduct. Without such a sense of responsibility it will become arrogant or careless, as the House of Lords has been of late years, and the weight of its decisions will correspondingly suffer. Yet another expedient remains by which it may secure importance—viz. by the personal eminence of its members. The one thing which has helped the House of Lords to live on in spite of its numerous misdeeds has been the fact that a certain number of distinguished men sit in it, and indeed practically monopolise its debates, so that people forget that these men are only a handful in the midst of a crowd of obscure persons whose right to vote is supported by no intellectual or moral eminence. If a Second Chamber is to be able to render real service, it must include a pretty large proportion of persons whose talents and experience are recognised by the country, so that their words spoken in debate will deserve to be read and pondered. As such men would hardly care to enter a purely ornamental body with very limited range of action, it will be necessary in order to secure them to give to the new Chamber functions which, though far inferior to those of the House of Commons, will retain some measure of importance.

The conclusion to which these considerations point is that the reformed Second Chamber should not be a hereditary body. It has been proposed to make it consist of a small number of peers chosen by other peers. This would effect no real improvement. If it is to recover a place in the respect of the country, the hereditary element must be wholly expunged, and the members must be selected either wholly by election or partly by election and partly by nomination, whether for a term of years or for life. To make the body wholly elective would be more conformable to principle; but it has been urged in favour of having a number of seats filled by nomination that in this way a certain proportion of distinguished and experienced men, such as those who have already filled high office, may be secured whose presence would give the new House (as they gave the present French Senate) a good start intellectually. But that there should be a majority of elected members seems the only way in which the assembly can be rendered popular, can secure the confidence of the people as being their creation, and can be taught itself to recognise its responsibility to the people. What the electing bodies or areas should be, and under what conditions the elections should be held, are matters of detail not suitable to be here discussed. Two points, however, are of great consequence. One is that the Chamber should be comparatively small, not exceeding one hundred and fifty or at most two hundred members, so that the level should be kept high, and a seat be a thing to aspire to. The other point is that the members of the Chamber should not be elected by any privileged class, such as persons holding a property qualification, but should be chosen by the same voters as choose members of the House of Commons. An attempt to make the new Chamber represent wealth would at once give it the character of a class body, and such a character would be fatal to its reputation for fairness and, therefore, to its influence. For the same reason there ought to be no qualification required for sitting in it. Everybody eligible for the House of

Commons should be eligible for the Second Chamber likewise. It does not, however, follow that the elections should be held at the same time, nor that the members should sit for the same term, nor that a dissolution should terminate the Second Chamber, nor that all its members should retire at once. Neither need it be directly elected at the polls, if any local bodies can be found, or created, which can fitly exercise the function of choice, as in France the Senators are elected by an electoral college in each of the eighty-six departments. These are details which need not be now considered for a reason to be presently mentioned. All that we desire to indicate is the general character which a reformed Second Chamber should have. It should be influential not merely in respect of its powers, but in respect of the moral and intellectual authority of its members. It should not aspire to rival the House of Commons, but seek to serve the country by showing itself more careful and exact in its criticism than a body pressed for time and overburdened by work is apt to be, and more independent of parties both in its criticism and in its votes than a body can be which knows that a refusal to support a particular Ministerial proposal will probably cause the fall of the Ministry. When it knows that by delaying the passing of a measure it will not succeed in changing the sentiment of the country or the purpose of the House of Commons, it ought not to play for delay, but accept the Bill, amending it as far as possible, but frankly recognising that the function for which it exists is only to secure to the nation light and time, full materials for judgment, and due opportunities for reflection. Our present Second Chamber does neither. It seldom debates a Bill fully or examines it minutely; and we admit that if the choice were between keeping it as it is and abolishing it outright, we should pronounce for abolition. The House of Lords resists the House of Commons doggedly when one party is in power and follows it blindly when the other party is in power, in neither set of cases giving to the nation the help which a Chamber so placed might have been specially expected to afford.

Many who will agree that the kind of body we have been imagining would be a valuable part of the Constitution may doubt whether it can now be created. They will observe that new institutions seldom answer the expectations formed of them, that such a Chamber would have an artificial air, that the spirit of party would prove strong enough to induce any Second Chamber to press its legal powers to their utmost extent and make itself disliked as the House of Lords is now; while such a restriction of its legal powers as would make it harmless would make it also unattractive to men of ability, and therefore insignificant. Though we can recognise some force in such objections, we still believe that as the nation does not seem prepared to entrust its fortunes to the House of Commons only, it is absolutely necessary to do the best we can to turn our present useless and even mischievous Upper House into something different—something which should, at any rate, be given a chance of winning for itself a better character; and our object has been in this article to indicate the general lines which this reconstruction should follow if it is ever seriously undertaken. But how is the necessary transformation to be effected? If it were possible to imagine politicians agreeing to forego a great, though transient, political advantage, the right course would be for both parties to agree to take this great constitutional reform, the necessity for which has been admitted by Tories—indeed, by Lord Salisbury himself—out of the field of party politics, and arrange a scheme which might remove the grosser of the present evils. Such a scheme would probably not go as far as most Liberals desire, but if it secured a method by which the Second Chamber should be required to assent after a certain time to measures passed by the House of Commons, with some substantial improvement in the composition of the Chamber, Liberals might accept it. It would save them months or years of controversy, a time which could be usefully spent upon other pressing reforms; and it would avoid the necessity of having to consider extreme methods—methods which though extreme may become indispensable—of overcoming the resistance which the Peers will offer. Of such a compromise there is, however, no prospect. The Liberal party will have to take up the work and carry it through alone. They may probably find that the first thing to be done is to restrict the powers of the House of Lords, and that such a restriction can be more easily carried through if it is not complicated with any question of a reconstruction of the House, that question being reserved for treatment at a later time. This is a point of policy which we propose to discuss in a future article.

THE CHAMBERLAIN BIRTHDAY-BOOK.—VI.

MAY 1st.—"If my critics had done me the honour to follow my political career they would know that from the very first I spoke the same things; I put before the people the same objects that I do to-day. I make no claim to any originality. I have only followed in this abler and better men. But the change is not in my opinions, not even in my mode of expressing them. The change is in the situation."—*Glasgow*, September 15th, 1885.

Lord F. Cavendish selected to succeed Mr. Forster as Irish Secretary May 1st, 1882.

2nd.—"I recollect a story of a dispute which arose in the early days of the history of New Zealand as to the ownership of a piece of land, the original proprietor of which had mysteriously disappeared some time before. Several chiefs came forward to make good their pretensions; but at last one man submitted as an indefeasible claim that he and his tribe had killed and eaten the absent owner. I am inclined to think that if we could trace to its source the sacred right of private property in land we should very often find that the title did not differ very greatly from that which was alleged by the New Zealand chief."—*Inverness*, September 18th, 1885.

Duke of Northumberland (185,000 acres) *b.* May 2nd, 1810.

3rd.—"Now, without a word of acknowledgment, without a shadow of reason, except party exigencies and party interests, they (the Tories) have appropriated every item of my programme. They claim it as their own, and they have stripped me of my policy, and left me bare and forlorn till I can invent another, which they will no doubt steal in its turn."—*Warrington*, September 8th, 1885.

Sir M. White-Ridley (Home Secretary) introduced the Workmen's Compensation Bill May 3rd, 1897.

5th.—"The old Tory party with its historic traditions has disappeared. It has repudiated its name, and it has become Conservative. The Conservatives in turn, unhappy and discontented, have been seeking for another designation, and sometimes they come before you as Constitutionalists, and then they break out in a new place as Liberal-Conservatives. Even this does not exhaust their kaleidoscopic changes, for many of them now——."—*Victoria Hall*, September 24th, 1885.

The Conservative party begin to call themselves "Unionists" May, 1896.

7th.—"The chronicles of the House of Lords are one long record of concessions delayed until they have lost their grace, of rights denied until extorted from their fears. It has been a history of one long contest between the representatives of privilege and the representatives of popular rights, and during this time the Lords have perverted, delayed, and denied justice until at last they gave grudgingly and churlishly what they could no longer withhold."—*Denbigh*, October 20th, 1884.

Lord Rosebery *b.* May 7th, 1847.

9th.—"The Boers are not naturally a warlike race. They are a homely, industrious, but somewhat rude and uncivilised nation of farmers, living on the produce of the soil. They are animated by a deep and even stern religious sentiment, and they inherit from their ancestors—the men who won the independence of Holland from the oppressive rule of Philip II. of Spain—they inherit from them their unconquerable love of freedom and of liberty."—*Birmingham*, June 7th, 1881.

Paul Kruger First President of the Transvaal Republic May 9th, 1883.

10th.—"I would revise the taxation upon land. I would equalise the death duties, as the Government recently proposed to do. To that extent, at all events, I would invade the sanctity of landed property, and in addition I would tax all unoccupied and sporting land at its full value."—*Hull*, August 5th, 1885.

Mr. Chamberlain voted against Sir W. Harcourt's Budget dealing with Death Duties May 10th, 1894.

11th.—"We are going to a new Parliament, when for the first time the whole people will be represented. We shall know what is the authoritative expression of the wishes of the majority of the people in Ireland."—*Birmingham*, June 4th, 1885.

At the General Election of 1885 the majority of Irish members returned under the Home Rule flag was so overpowering that Mr. Gladstone declared in its favour.

12th.—"Surely it is not too much to ask of the owners of land that they should hold their property subject, at all events, to the absolute necessities of the community, and that they should give up the chance of occasionally making an exorbitant profit whenever any portion of their property is required for any public service."—*Ipswich*, June 14th, 1885.

Lord Cadogan *b.* May 12th, 1840.

13th.—"If it should be found that the presence of a cultivated gentleman in every parish has some drawbacks, and that he does not always use his influence and authority to the satisfaction or for the benefit of those to whom he ministers, and if it should appear that the labouring poor are of opinion that the national funds might be applied to some better purpose, then I say it would not be very easy to resist the conclusion that an institution that has failed to commend itself to those whom it is specially intended and designed to benefit is one whose continued existence in this special form it would be found very difficult to justify."—*Ironbridge*, October 14th, 1885.

Mr. Chamberlain voted against Welsh Disestablishment Bill May 13th, 1895.

14th.—"The land must pass into other hands, and we must consider the advisability of creating and of preparing the way for a return to the old conditions, when English agriculture was prosperous and the Poor Law was unknown."—*Birmingham*, January 29th, 1885.

Lord Kenmare (105,000 acres) *b.* May 16th, 1825.

18th.—"The *Times* of 1844 went on to speak of the so-called rights of property, and said, 'We ask whose property is it that is meant? Is it alone the rich man's right to his acres, the use of them, and the infinite abuse of them? Or are we not to include some regard to the right of the poor man under God's charter to live and breathe in this the Almighty's world?' I confess that I prefer the wise humanity of the *Times* of 40 years ago to the narrow selfishness of its later days."—*Ipswich*, January 14th, 1885.

John Walter *b.* 1818.

21st.—"But the cup is nearly full. The career of high-handed wrong is coming to an end. The House of Lords have alienated Ireland, they have oppressed the Dissenters, and they now oppose the enfranchisement of the people. We have been too long a peer-ridden nation, and I hope you will say to them that if they will not bow to the mandate of the people, that they shall lose for ever the authority they have so long abused."—*Denbigh*, October 20th, 1884.

Lord Playfair *b.* 21st May, 1819.

23rd.—"This is Toryism all over. It is cynical, it is obstructive, it is selfish, it is incapable."—*Birmingham*, October 20th, 1885.

"Mr. Chamberlain is the spokesman of our party."—*Lord Salisbury.*

25th.—"I am reminded of an anecdote which is told in that most amusing and interesting book, Dean Ramsay's 'Scottish Characteristics.' The Dean says that on one occasion, a Scotch minister, calling upon a principal member of his flock, heard a noise of quarrelling inside the house. He knocked at the door and called out in a loud voice, 'Who is the master of this house?' Presently the door was opened by a man who looked a good deal the worse for wear, and he said to the minister, 'If ye'll just sit doon and bide a wee, mayhap we'll be able to tell ye; for we are just engaged in trying to settle the point.' It appears to me that we Liberals are very much in the position of the Scotch minister. We have been waiting to know who is the master of the Tory house—whether it is——."—*Holloway*, June 17th, 1885.

Mr. Arthur Balfour: "We'll see."

27th.—"I care little for party, and nothing at all for office, except so far as these things may be made instrumental in promoting the objects which I publicly avowed when I first entered Parliament, and which I will prosecute so long as I remain in public life. The Liberal party has always seemed to me the great agency of progress and reform, and by the changes which have recently taken place it has secured a vantage ground which I myself had hardly ever dared to anticipate."—*Hull*, August 5th, 1885.

Joseph Chamberlain led coalition that defeated Liberal Government June, 1886.

30th.—"Sir Richard Cross was speaking at Hull the other day, and he asked a question—he is always asking a question. He is the most inquisitive politician I know, and he always asks his questions after the fashion of

Lord Cross *b.* May 30th, 1823.

Serjeant Buzfuz, and as though he expected to get his witness committed for contempt."—*Higham*, March 27th, 1884.

31st.—"Land must be owned so as to give the greatest employment to the largest number of persons, and so as to secure the greatest possible return in the produce of the soil. The land was not created—and it must not be used as a mere machine for exacting the highest possible rent from the cultivators of the soil—for the benefit of those who own it."—*Hull*, August 5th, 1885.

Earl of Glasgow (36,879 acres) *b.* May 31st, 1833.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON recites in the *Fortnightly Review*, for the benefit of Mr. Stephen Phillips, the old classic creed of the Tragic Muse. She must keep none but the best of company; "great or splendid spirits" must be "wrecked, or overborne, or gradually disintegrated" in her presence; she can have nothing to do with "insignificant and immemorable human lives." "If a palace or a fortress fall, we tremble; we do not stand aghast at the collapse of a mud hut." It was against this theory of tragic dignity that Thackeray protested in a famous passage in "Esmond": "The Muse of History has encumbered herself with ceremony as well as her sister of the Theatre. She, too, wears the mask and the cothurnus, and speaks to measure. She, too, in our age busies herself with the affairs only of kings; waiting on them obsequious and stately, as if she were but a mistress of court ceremonies, and had nothing to do with the registering of the affairs of the common people." Clearly Mr. William Watson will have none of this. His Tragic Muse "was never a lady of democratic or socialistic proclivities. I think she ever loves to emphasise the natural inequalities of men; and, at all events, the company she herself keeps is aristocratic, though she recognises many kinds of aristocracy." She would vote for a peer at the County Council election, and shed tears, perhaps, if she found him at the bottom of the poll. If a fall in poetry is to be tragically impressive, there must be, says Mr. Watson, some "height to fall from." Now Mr. Stephen Phillips, in his "Woman with the Dead Soul," describes a poor sempstress in an attic driven to sin. Her soul dies in the struggle; and the story is told with so much natural pathos that some critics have presumed to call it a tragedy. Mr. Watson has no patience with them. "I had ever supposed that the very essence of tragedy was the *overthrow of something great*." Instead of that, we have the woman's "gradual descent into the vulgarest vice from a level of what appears to have been hardly less vulgar virtue."

You may urge that even in this there may be self-respect, a natural sense of moral beauty, a strenuous desire of misery to escape the lowest deep. Such a plea matters nothing to the Tragic Muse. To her lofty gaze there is no distinction between "vulgar virtue" and "vulgarest vice." The soul of a duchess slowly dying might be a tragic idea; but the soul of a sempstress!

> "She felt it ailing for she knew not what;
> Feebly she wept; but she could aid it not.
> Ah, not the stirring child within the womb
> Hath such an urgent need of light and room!
> Then hungry grew her soul; she looked around,
> But nothing to allay the famine found;
> She felt it die a little every day,
> Flutter less wildly and more feebly pray.
> Stiller it grew; at times she felt it pull,
> Imploring thinly something beautiful;
> And in the night was painfully awake,
> And struggled in the darkness till daybreak.'

Even a sempstress may have an ideal not altogether vulgar, an ideal which leaves a blank when it fades away.

> "For not at once, not without any strife,
> It died; at times it started back to life,
> Now at some angel evening after rain,
> Builded like early Paradise again,
> Now at some flower, or human face, or sky
> With silent tremble of infinity,
> Or at some waft of fields in midnight sweet,
> Or soul of summer dawn in the dark street."

If this is "vulgar virtue," beneath the notice of the Tragic Muse, her aristocracy is haughty indeed! A fall from such a state cannot be tragic, because there is "no elevation worth speaking of." The social elevation is insignificant, no doubt; but what is the moral distinction between the sentiments of this woman and those of people far above her in station, whose downfall might awaken Mr. Watson's sense of tragedy? Is he not unconsciously giving to the "overthrow of something great" not a spiritual but a material importance, dependent mainly on the external contrast between grandeur and poverty? The ruin of a palace is more impressive than the collapse of a mud hut; but the point of this illustration is modified by the reflection that the dweller in the hut may be morally the equal or superior of the owner of the palace.

Mr. Watson is on different ground in arguing that the interest of tragedy is highest when the victim, who is overwhelmed by fate, "must indeed be of heroic mould to make any stand against his enemy, and when, nevertheless, he does make such a stand, magnificently holding his foe in fight." But if "man is neither strong in himself, nor yet clad in the armour which greatness of station may provide, the interest dwindles." A woman who sews, and lies awake at night struggling with her craving soul, is not cast in this heroic mould. "The final extinction of a soul originally so immomentous as the soul described by Mr. Stephen Phillips is a small spectacle at best. A solar eclipse and the snuffing of a candle are really two different matters." There is no tragedy, then, for Mr. Watson except upon a colossal scale. Ajax must defy the lightning, and Samson pull down the pillars. Richard must vainly cry "My kingdom for a horse!" and Macbeth as vainly curse the cheating Witches. Only the tempestuous spectacle on the biggest stage can satisfy Mr. Watson's imagination. He yearns for the soul of Faustus in Marlowe's play, "when the powers of evil demand their costly prize." The sempstress makes a poor show in comparison; the powers of evil do not condescend to sing a chorus at her bedside; there is no lyrical limelight nor epic thunder; only a humble unit whose tragedy is none the less acute because the soul, "so immomentous" to Mr. Watson, is to her of sovereign importance.

No; the Muse of Tragedy is not indifferent to the despair of obscure lives. Why must we be posed in legend like Marlowe's Faustus before we can qualify for the poet's sympathy? Mr. Watson can weave noble harmonies from great themes; but he cannot prove that tragic poetry has "nothing to do with the registering of the affairs of the common people." He has missed the deeper significance of Mr. Phillips's poem in the image of the soulless woman, unconscious at last of her bereavement—

> "'No sound shall rouse her now,' I said,
> 'Nor Orpheus touching in that gloom his chord,
> Nor even that special whisper that restored
> Pale Lazarus; yet will she seem to run,
> And hurry eager in the noonday sun,
> Industrious, timed, and kempt; till she at last,
> Run down, inaccurate, aside is cast.'"

To some of us, that is a more tragic picture of moral ruin than the "immense spectacle" Mr. Watson chiefly loves, when the legendary stage-management brings on the "powers of evil" to clamour for the soul of the damned.

WILD BEASTS AS SURGICAL PATIENTS.

AULUS GELLIUS is responsible for what is not improbably the best-known version of a floating tradition of the gratitude of the lower animals to man for services rendered to give relief from pain. He has told how the Roman slave, Androcles, for the crime of running away from his master, was exposed to wild beasts in the Circus. A lion, half-starved according to custom, was let loose into the arena; but the beast, instead of striking him down, crouched at his feet and fawned upon him. This was plainly the reward of the slave's good deeds. When inquiry was made he admitted that in Africa he had extracted a thorn from the soft foot-pads of a lion which sought his aid. Of course Androcles was pardoned on the spot; the lion was given to him, and followed him about the streets of Rome like a pet dog. This is an extremely pretty story, but unfortunately it is opposed to general experience. Showmen and others who have to deal with wild animals in confinement have learnt the lesson that, as a rule, these creatures do not appreciate surgical treatment sufficiently to testify gratitude therefor. On the contrary, not only will they struggle for all they are worth against necessary restraint, but when cast loose they will often "go for" the operator or any of his assistants who may be within reach.

Gratitude is, however, sometimes shown by domesticated animals for relief from pain, even at the cost of a surgical operation. But when this happens it will generally be found to be due to the wisdom of the operator, and to the fact that though obliged to inflict pain he has dispensed with restraint. Mr. E. L. Layard relates a story of a friend of his, an engineer in Ceylon, who, when about to approach an elephant, was warned by the keepers that the beast was particularly vicious. Nevertheless, he walked right up to the stall, when she commenced to fondle him with her trunk. On being asked for an explanation he said the elephant had formerly been working under him, when making the road from Jaffna to Kandy, and had run a "jungle nail"—one of the large thorns of a species of acacia—into her cheek just under the eye. The keeper tried to extract it, but broke it off in the wound, which inflamed and suppurated. The engineer fed the elephant and talked to her, and then fomented the wound with warm cloths. This he repeated for a day or two, and, having won the animal's confidence, he cut down upon the thorn and removed it. The memory of the elephant is proverbially good; and in this case the recollection of relief afforded was sufficiently strong, after the lapse of years, to cause the beast to receive with marks of affection the man who had given her necessary pain.

But with wild animals in confinement the case is essentially different. An elephant is not in the same category as the other animals in a menagerie; it is, at the least, in a state of partial domestication, and amenable to the will of its keepers. It does a certain amount of work, on fine days at any rate, carrying children about the show or grounds, and so has learnt the lesson of the dominion of man. It is far otherwise with animals like the hippopotamus or rhinoceros, on both of which the late Mr. Bartlett operated successfully. From the jaws of the former beast he extracted a broken incisor tooth, using for the purpose "a powerful pair of forceps more than two feet long." The extraction was not accomplished without "a fearful struggle," and the animal charged, open-mouthed at the amateur dentist, whom it was prevented from reaching by the stout barriers which confined it. Since even philosophers endure not toothache patiently, much may be pardoned to a hippopotamus suffering from a fractured incisor. But even when the operation was over the rage of the beast did not subside. It stood in the narrow passage in which it had been penned, and testified by snorts and blasts how great was its fury. "One of the most remarkable things," wrote Mr. Bartlett to Frank Buckland, "appeared to me to be the enormous force of the air when blown from the dilated nostrils of this great beast while enraged."

Minor operations on the rhinoceros, such as the amputation of a horn or the opening of an abscess, do not confirm the Androcles story. Twice has the front horn of the hairy-eared rhinoceros from Chittagong, now in our Zoological Gardens, been sawn off; and in neither case did the animal show any gratitude for the relief afforded. As everybody knows, the "horn" of a rhinoceros differs widely in structure from the horns of a cow or an antelope and from the bony antlers of deer. It is, in fact, an outgrowth from the skin, consisting of an agglutinated mass of fibres having no connection with the skull, though there is a bony prominence beneath it. The animal in question has two horns, and that in front had been rubbed so that it curved backwards and damaged the posterior horn, and seemed likely to pierce the skin, thus rendering necessary the removal of the offending portion. Anæsthetics were out of the question. The only practicable method, therefore, was to fasten the beast in such a position as to render it powerless. This was done last week by passing ropes round its body, casting it, and fastening it to the upright bars in front of its den, and securing its feet with straps. Even then it managed to struggle considerably, and roared incessantly from the time the first rope was passed round its body till it was cast loose. And for a doleful volume of sound, the roar of a terrified, angry rhinoceros is hard to beat. That and the unusual bustle in the house roused the Indian rhinoceros in the next den to fury, and the huge beast dashed about, throwing itself against the massive uprights till they creaked beneath the impact, and made some of the spectators fear lest they should not be strong enough to bear the strain. The elephants moved uneasily from side to side, and trumpeted in sympathy. Meanwhile the operation went on, the only delay being due to the impossibility of keeping the patient still, and the fact that the low level of the floor of the den rendered it a very inconvenient table. All was over in less than half an hour, and when the ropes were cast off there was a hurried exit of keepers from the cage. When the beast rose and shook the last rope from its body it quivered with rage and terror, which it testified, as did the hippopotamus, by loud snorts. So violent were its expirations that they scattered the loose straw thrown down on the floor to give a secure foothold to the keepers engaged in holding the ropes and straps.

The removal of ingrowing claws of the Carnivora rarely evokes gratitude. Here a "shifting cage"—a long narrow box with iron-barred front, just large enough to hold the beast—is generally used, and the paws strapped and drawn through the front. The overgrown hoofs of Ruminants are sometimes cut, but the wild terror evinced by an antelope when cast loose renders the consequences of such operations somewhat risky, though in themselves they are simple enough. The lower animals are very liable to panic, and in this condition often do considerable damage to anyone who may unfortunately come in their way, and not unfrequently to themselves. Antelopes are liable to injure their horns by running violently against the partitions of their stalls, and not rarely an oryx may be seen in confinement with a single horn, one having been broken off in some wild rush against the unyielding woodwork. If these conditions be borne in mind, it will at once be apparent that mechanical restraint would be injudicious, and this will probably account for the fact that in zoological collections one sometimes sees desert antelopes with hoofs of abnormal length, rivalling those of Speke's antelope, in which they serve to widen the base of support when the animal walks on the loose aquatic vegetation of the African lakes, and far exceeding those of the reindeer, which serve that beast as natural snow-shoes.

A famous operation of the late Mr. Bartlett was the removal of the head of the thigh-bone of a horse from the mouth of a lion. The round, spongy mass had been pierced by the sharp back teeth above and below, so that the beast could not get rid of the offending morsel or close its mouth. The patient was put into a narrow cage, and a pair of forceps skilfully used soon loosened the bone. One may form some idea of the rage of the lion by watching the behaviour of the family cat with a fish-bone fixed in a similar position, and her gratitude may be tested by trying to remove it. She will probably try to escape the well-meant attention, and if captured and held down she will fight vigorously for freedom, using her claws with considerable effect.

The fact seems to be that the application of restraint necessary for the performance of such minor operations as have occasionally to be carried out by those in charge of menageries throws the patient into a condition of frantic terror. This may lead to attacks on the operator or his helpers, or to injury to the animals themselves, from their plunging wildly against the bars or the sides of the dens. It may perhaps be that domesticated animals feel something like gratitude for relief from pain, when this is afforded without restraint. It is too much to expect it from wild beasts in confinement.

THE DRAMA.

"The White Knight."—"22a, Curzon Street."

MR. STUART OGILVIE is boxing the theatrical compass. In *Hypatia*, at the Haymarket, he tried what in the days of Sheridan Knowles (and Mr. Crummles) would have been called "the legitimate." In *The Sin of St. Hulda*—at the Shaftesbury, if I remember rightly—he took a turn at blank verse and religious mysticism. In *The White Knight*, at Terry's, he offers us a blend of domestic and financial comedy. Perhaps the word "blend" is not quite accurate; the two ingredients do not really mix, but lie in distinct layers like the liqueurs which go to make up the American drink called a "corpse-reviver." An American, I daresay, would add that only the freshest of corpses could be revived by Mr. Ogilvie's play. But though it might scarcely awake the dead, it is, in my experience at any rate, capable of mildly amusing the quick. Its main theme, the "exploiting" of a simple-minded, puzzle-headed inventor by an unscrupulous man of affairs is of course no novelty. Augier in his *Maître Guérin* "called the tune," which has since been repeated with variations by Mr. H. A. Jones (in *The Middleman*) and others. Nor is the critical "situation"—a speech on the other side of a door heard rising and falling as the door is thrown open or half-closed—anything of a novelty. See Act II. of *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. Still less is there anything new in Mr. Edward Terry's impersonation of the inventor-hero. There never is anything new in Mr. Terry's impersonations. That is why I, for one, always find pleasure in them. I know beforehand exactly what Mr. Terry is going to do—how he is going to raise his voice at regular intervals from a grunt to a squeak, to be amiably distraught and dishevelled, to be placidly domestic in a tattered dressing-gown and mildly pathetic while the snow is falling outside. To be quite frank, we do not yet get the dressing-gown in this play; but we do get the snow. For my part, I rather resent the absence of the dressing-gown, for I expect Mr. Terry to follow Polonius his advice: "this above all, to thine own self be true." For myself and most playgoers, I take it, of my generation, Mr. Terry is not so much an actor as an institution. Any innovation in his performances I resent as I resent the tramway down the Oxford "High." All this means, I suppose, that I am becoming an old fogey, and like to regard Mr. Terry as a fellow-victim of that misfortune. He excels in the *menus détails*, the little vexations and cheerful hypocrisies of a narrow domesticity. See him pretending that the grouse which he has brought home for "high tea" is not so "high" as the guests' noses would indicate! See him eloquently distracting the attention of the guests from the untoward circumstance that the ale is rather "thick"! See his misgivings over a flowered-waistcoat which he thinks may be a trifle too "gay"! These are the aspects of Mr. Terry's inventor which give one gentle little thrills of pleasure; his adventures in "the City" leave one cold, partly because I know nothing about "the City," and partly, too, I think, because "the City" does not make effective subject-matter for the dramatist. Mr. W. L. Abingdon may or may not adequately represent a company-promoter of the baser sort—I can only contemplate his crimson waistcoat with dismay and wonder whether Gautier's "*pourpoint rose*" was anything like it—Mr. Stuart Champion and Mr. A. E. George may or may not be like real "guinea-pigs"—I shouldn't know a guinea-pig from a drysalter or a tide-waiter. But a pretty little widow like Miss Kate Rorke (she is in love with Mr. Terry, and pawns her diamonds for his sake) we can all recognise and admire, and every playgoer will hail Miss Esmé Beringer's adventuress—an Englishwoman "Italianate and a devil incarnate"—as an old footlight acquaintance, though he may wonder what an Italian adventuress (she steals the diamonds) is doing in that domestic galley. Miss Beringer has marked ability; she thinks out her parts very intelligently and earnestly—so much so, that she leaves them sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. She is over-conscious, over-anxious, too much set upon making a great part out of a small one. I wish she would try and wear her talent lightly like a feather. To the average actress one would not venture to address a criticism of this kind—the average actress is incorrigible—but Miss Beringer is not an average actress. And, as everybody can see that at a glance, there is all the less need for her to insist upon it.

In a new farce at the Garrick, *22a, Curzon Street*, Messrs. Brandon Thomas and John Edwards have attempted—and, of course, failed—to expand a single "situation" into an evening's entertainment. A "situation," I need hardly say, is a stage device of which the essence is an instantaneous effect, a sudden surprise. Its interest—whether tragic or comic—lies not in the actions or speeches of the people who are on the stage at the moment, but in the circumstances under which they meet at that particular moment. You have a "situation" in the *Trinummus* when the Sycophant, bribed to personate a man whom he has never seen, meets that very man in the street. You have a "situation" in *The School for Scandal* when Sir Peter chuckles at having detected the "little French milliner" behind Joseph's screen, ignorant that the lady really in hiding there is his own wife. You have a "situation" in *Hernani* when Ruy Gomez bursts in upon the stolen interview of the bandit and Doña Sol, while the King of Spain is concealed in the cupboard. You have a "situation" in *Admiral Guinea* when blind Pew breaks into the room in which John Gaunt is walking in his sleep. And so you have a "situation" in *22a, Curzon Street* when the gentleman who has just bought the lease and furniture of the house, as a present for the widow whom he is about to marry, meets the widow there, to their mutual astonishment. The explanation is very simple. The house is the widow's, and in her absence a forged lease of it has been sold to her suitor by a dishonest caretaker. And the explanation, being so simple, would, of course, in reality be made between the two victims of the swindle in less than five minutes. In the farce, it is postponed by every kind of artifice, for the reason that, once it is made, the piece is bound to come to an end. This artificial postponement proves too severe a tax on the patience of the audience. There is some excellent acting by Miss Lottie Venne as the widow, Mr. Arthur Bourchier as the suitor, and Miss

Fanny Brough as the caretaker, but no mere histrionic exploits will ever console an audience whose common-sense has been affronted.

A. B. W.

THE MAN FORBID.

THE long undulating seaward slope of the cliffless Downs is always, in clear weather, an unsatisfying prospect. The face of the Downs, starved, discontented, and unkempt, lowers gloomily on the sea under rain; in the sunshine, a pale, bleak radiance plays over it, as of a land hoping against hope. The cliffless Downs, that is. Where the white escarpment towers along the beach, the seaboard has a different personality; more engaging contours, greener turf, a lofty attitude, a splendid place immediately surmounting the tides. The precipice gives strength and dignity; the slow, serpentine declivity creeping to an undistinguished shore is as dispiriting as a string of blind beggars. But in the evening the low-lying Downs seem to rise from their supine posture; cloaked in the dusk they beckon and whisper, and you go to meet them again.

Strange sounds, strange beings appear upon the Downs in the gloaming, if you have the ears to hear, the sight to see. There and then the Itinerant met the Hermit, The Man Forbid, who neither hopes nor fears, nor hates nor loves. Where he lives none can tell. Sometimes he haunts the desert, sometimes the snow-clad mountains. The Itinerant met him on the Downs. The day had been dull and wet, but towards sunset the clouds broke up a little and the rain ceased. Above the sea, slanting like a ledge of dark jade, hung a purple haze rimming the horizon. Above the haze disordered brands smouldered darkly. The depth and intensity of the crimson fire filled and possessed the mind; it was difficult to see the overhanging leaden cloud, or to note the golden background of the fire, the fainter yellow, the pale green. Away from the west, cross-hatched vapour flushed rosy red and quickly faded into pencil marks. Behind Cissbury Ring an immense rampart of steel-blue cloud rose menacingly. In the north the shadow of night already loomed. As the Itinerant watched the passage of time from the verge of Erringham Valley, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a face peered into his, the face of The Man Forbid.

"I know who you are," said the Itinerant at once. "What do you want with me?"

"I come to warn you!"

"To warn me?"

"Yes. That is my only touch with humanity: I would have others avoid my fate."

"What is your fate?"

"I shall tell you. I became so close a comrade of the day and the night and the time of the year, so submissive a lover and student of men and women, that I forgot all I had ever learnt from books. Then it seemed to me that I stood erect for the first time; and I looked with compassion on the multitude beside me, bent double under toppling libraries. I noted that the heavier his load of libraries, and the more prone his attitude, the happier the porter seemed to be. I saw vast hordes of people engaged in tilling the soil, and in many other occupations, the majority of whom, whenever they could snatch an interval of leisure, spent it in grovelling under heavy burdens of printed matter, which, if they had none of their own, they would beg, borrow, or steal. 'Good people,' I cried earnestly, 'throw off your burdens and stand erect. Few are they who are helped by books.'"

"I agree with you there," said the Itinerant; "I have never learnt anything from books. One only gets out of books what one brings to them: that is to say, literature, so far as it affects the individual, is only a confirmation of his experience."

The Man Forbid resumed his discourse without heeding the Itinerant's interruption. "'Few are they who are helped by books. Will you die, then, crushed under libraries? The printing-press works without ceasing; already your spines are curved by the weight of the literature of thirty centuries. Throw it all off; stand up; and see the world for yourselves—day and night, and life and death. Do not think the things someone has said of these; but keep watching them, and you will become excellent, for we are what we contemplate!' But they mocked me, and told me the story of the fox who lost his tail. I replied with the story of the monkey, who also lost his tail—in order to become a man! I said to them, 'Break with the past. All that men have imagined, thought, and felt—art, philosophy, religion; all that is only a spiritual tail which must be got rid of if your souls are to develop.' But they laughed me to scorn and pelted me away with pamphlets and tomes. Then I ceased to concern myself with the world of men, and fixed my mind on Nature. Darkness and light, colour and sound, and life and death filled me with their unsayable meaning. Again I turned to my brethren, straining under piled-up libraries. I could not refrain from the attempt to express my thought. Not being a musician I was unfortunately unable to employ pure sound. Language, so much more dense a medium than music, refracted my meaning sadly, although I chose my words well. Nevertheless some of the book-porters seemed to understand my songs, and for a short season pronounced them beautiful and true. Only for a time, however; because their minds were so preoccupied with the load of libraries that they quickly tired of anything else; and once more resented bitterly the suggestion that they were wasting their time and strength in supporting the accumulated thought of thirty centuries. There was no harbour for me among men. I left them, and gradually man and his fate became indifferent to me. Then also Nature, day and night, and life and death, ceased to interest me—me, a feeble inhabitant of one of the most insignificant spheres among myriads of myriads that roll in space. The whole substantial universe, systems and suns, and life conscious and unconscious, appeared to me only the momentary and impertinent irruption of a shining, sounding spectre into the empty, dark, and silent infinite. And all this—nay, I shall leave you with a smile—all this because I had cut my spiritual tail off. The ourang-outang, I suppose, sat his tail off in the course of many centuries. At any rate, you will not make a monkey human by caudatomy. Nor will you make men divine by cutting them off at the root. It was a false analogy, that of the tail. Man grows out of the past; his tap-roots descend, drawing nourishment from every strata, and are warmed by the central fire. The scission of the smallest rootlet will hurt his growth. It is not underground that he must tend his development, but in the sunlight, and with the winds and the dew. I have warned you. My heart is a husk; my brain a mere mirror. Men shrink from me. I am indifferent, and feel neither joy nor grief; but since men loathe me, I know that they would not be as I am. You keep too much alone; you wander about on the Downs. Day and night, life and death engage your thought, enthral your fancy. The ideas with which men have filled and adorned their environment, the ideas which they perceive to be there, are distasteful to you. You would break entirely with the past. But I warn you, I warn you. Resort to the knife, and you will find that it is not an unbecoming and useless tail you sever with manful stroke, but spiritual suicide that you commit."

The Man Forbid vanished as suddenly as he came; and the Itinerant pulled himself together. Had he thought of using the knife? He would consider the matter in his study. Meantime night was thronging into the sky. Behind him the Downs had receded and sunk low. Beneath, the Norman tower stood up shadowy, a ghostly dead grey against the darkening sea. The blue slate roofs, the red tiles, the red

and yellow chimneys of the town, appeared and disappeared in the gloaming, dim flashes of colour among the black groups of leafless trees in the churchyard and the gardens. The soft white plume of a train, with ruddy under-feathers glowing in the furnace fire, wheeled through the swarthy branches. Two lamps were lit in a narrow back street. Not a breath of wind stirred. The sunset, burning slowly, smouldered out above the sea; and the opposing lamps, golden-hued, took heart in the night. The smoke from a thousand fires curled into the air; good people were at supper; and the sound of a song rose faintly.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE OLD HUNTSMAN.

THERE'S a keen and grim old huntsman
On a horse as white as snow;
Sometimes he is very swift
And sometimes he is slow.
But he never is at fault,
For he always hunts at view
And he rides without a halt
After you.

The Huntsman's name is Death,
His horse's name is Time;
He is coming, he is coming
As I sit and write this rhyme;
He is coming, he is coming
As you read the rhyme I write,
You can hear his hoofs' low drumming
Day and night.

You can hear the distant drumming
As the clock goes tick-a-tack,
And the chiming of the hours
Is the music of his pack.
You may hardly note their growling
Underneath the noonday sun,
But at night you hear them howling
As they run.

And they never check or falter
For they never miss their kill;
Seasons change and systems alter,
But the hunt is running still.
Hark! the evening chime is playing,
O'er the long grey town it peals;
Don't you hear the death-hound baying
At your heels?

Where is there an earth or burrow?
Where a cover left for you?
A year, a week, perhaps to-morrow
Brings the Huntsman's death halloo;
Day by day he gains upon us,
And the most that we can claim
Is that when the hounds are on us
We die game.

And somewhere dwells the Master,
By whom it was decreed;
He sent the savage huntsman,
He bred the snow-white steed.
These hounds which run for ever,
He set them on your track;
He hears you scream, but never
Calls them back.

He does not heed our suing,
We never see his face;
He hunts to our undoing,
We thank him for the chase.
We thank him and we flatter,
We hope—because we must—
But have we cause? No matter!
Let us trust!

A. CONAN DOYLE.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

SHAKESPEARE'S MASTER?

IT is nearly sixty years since Sir Frederick Madden drew the eyes not only of experts but of the great reading public to Shakespeare's autograph, discovered in a copy of Florio's "Montaigne." A little later, John Sterling remarked that, "on the whole, the celebrated soliloquy in *Hamlet* presents a more characteristic and expressive resemblance to much of Montaigne's writings" than anything else in Shakespeare. And he went so far as to suggest that Hamlet himself was a sort of Montaigne "lifted to a higher eminence, and agitated by more striking circumstances and a severer destiny." Philarètei Chasles improved on this theme by declaring that "once on the track of the studies and tastes of Shakespeare we find Montaigne at every corner—in *Hamlet*, in *Othello*, in *Coriolanus*. Even the composite style—so animated, so vivid, so new, so incisive, so coloured, so hardy—offers a multitude of striking analogies to the admirable and free manner" of the French essayist. But the unpronounceable Dr. Tschischwitz declares that Shakespeare's master was Giordano Bruno, not Montaigne. And those who believe in the creative power of genius—Coleridge and the earlier Germans—deny that he had any master at all.

Mr. Robertson now takes up the question.* He brings to it some fresh illustrations, a fund of independent thinking, a brilliant, though rather sulky or sharp-tempered, style, a certain disdain for the transcendental, a hatred of "Christian platitudes," and an acquaintance with Montaigne as well as Shakespeare which is far from common. His book is, perhaps, not convincing, yet suggestive, pregnant with other interesting inquiries, and much more readable than most Shakespearian literature—the dullest, as it seems to us, that any great nation ever produced in a subject so high and splendid. Mr. Robertson holds to the quasi-inductive method, which, taking as little account as may be of the aboriginal force that constitutes genius, endeavours to analyse it by means of "environment" and recorded experience—a method we all use, but do not all reckon as adequate and sufficient. It is somewhat like reading a book by travelling down the index; and, *à propos*, Mr. Robertson, a trained man of letters, has given us no index—"péché énorme," as Voltaire said on a different occasion, "qu'il faut éviter, autant qu'il est possible." His induction of passages and regard to chronology are worthy of all praise. But they leave us perplexed and doubtful. For instance, Ben Jonson, writing his *Volpone*, which appeared in 1605, sneers at the English authors who "deign to steal" almost as much out of Guarini's *Pastor Fido* as from Montaignié. Was Jonson referring to *Hamlet?* Mr. Robertson thinks that he was. The second sketch of that play, in 1604, differs from the first by an added richness and depth, by the transformation of Horatio the mere acquaintance into Horatio the passionately-loved friend, by reflections of a varied yet philosophic gravity, that sound like reminiscences and even verbal echoes of what we read in the unparalleled Frenchman. And Shakespeare had the Florio among his books; and Florio was known and admired by Jonson; and so we come round to *Volpone*, with its glance at English stealings from one whom unlearned playwrights were glad enough to compass in translation. *Valeat quantum!* The cautious critic will hardly own himself convinced that Jonson, sharp-eyed as he might be, would cry out upon so little in the way of borrowing. As regards the thrice-famous soliloquy, its main outlines were in the first recension; and Sterling's guess flies wide of the mark.

But Mr. Robertson has arrows in reserve. There is a play like *Hamlet* in sombre musings and spiritual

* "Montaigne and Shakspere." By John M. Robertson. London: University Press.

tragedy, unlike it in breadth of execution—we mean *Measure for Measure*. It belongs to the year 1604, which is the date of the Second Quarto. And our author maintains that the Duke's speech to Claudio, exhorting him to die, no less than Claudio's faint-hearted whimperings to Isabella, are pretty much a tesselation of sentences from Montaigne's nineteenth and other essays, which utter in prose the arguments or reflections set to immortal music by Shakespeare. We have no space to bring the evidence into court; students will view it at their leisure, and ask themselves whether this it was that Jonson aimed at in his observations upon stealing. The coincidences are many and close, not in words only; but as regards the Duke's singularly cool and unchristian mode of handling the matter, they are absolute Montaigne. For even those who know the Sieur Michel by simple repute must be aware that he was a modern Sadducee, holding death to be the end of all, and a thing which to the man once dead could not signify. The Duke is vested as a Franciscan friar, and such is the "discourse of reason" which he pursues with Claudio, as if he were Montaigne talking at his ease. Moreover, while English or Senecan resources may be traceable for the Hamlet meditations to draw upon, for these thoughts we can produce none. Claudio seems to have studied the "Apology of Raimond de Sebonde," which has set out in order his fantastic notions concerning what comes after death. Observe that in Montaigne there are two philosophies of the Hereafter—one which is Christian, mediæval, figured, and full of terrible images; and a second agnostic, careless, voluptuous, in its secret confidence of an eternal sleep. Both find expression in *Measure for Measure*. Whence did the poet derive them except from the "Essays"?

The third coincidence, which meets us in *The Tempest*—written, perhaps, about 1610, or later—is admitted on all hands. Good old Gonzalo, sketching a Utopia to while away the time, has borrowed it from Montaigne's chapter "of the Cannibals;" and Caliban himself is a cannibal, either anagram or variant, discovered in the same region. But we decline to follow M. Chasles when he misdates by implication *Coriolanus*, or any of the Roman plays brought out earlier than Florio. It is not likely that Shakespeare read his author in French. What languages except English he did read no one has calculated to the general satisfaction, and arguments founded upon his diction or grammar leave us still in the dark. There is nothing, in spite of Dr. Tschischwitz, to prove his acquaintance with the philosophy or the comedy of Giordano Bruno. Philosophy in the technical sense lay far from an English artist whose audience and paymasters congregated at the Globe Theatre. Certainly, Shakespeare knew the sayings of Montaigne; and knowing them, he could not fail to be roused, stimulated, inspired by a method so genial, so direct and untrammelled, so humorous and lofty, even in its natural undress, of canvassing human existence. We may well assert, with Mr. Robertson, that the Squire of Périgord is, for us and our kind, "the first of moderns"—nearer to us than Petrarch, Rabelais, or Erasmus, and not easily antiquated, though we pride ourselves on tearing away the veils of custom or convention from before reality, as he did, and are resolved to see all things with our own eyes. There was no living book to match the "Essays" in Shakespeare's time.

So much may be granted. Mr. Robertson goes farther, and deductively builds up a life of the dramatist which, if we possessed many more documents, would be still in the highest degree problematical. In that marvellous growth of the Stratford boy who has become the world's teacher, he perceives two constituents—an experience that enriched him by its agonies and reverses, somewhere about the year 1600, and the reading of Montaigne. What does he make of possible undercurrents, flowing from the first beneath a surface they were afterwards to chequer and trouble? What of reticences waiting for the moment to speak? What of slight events, never set down anywhere, which might have furnished motive or material to work upon in a mind so preternaturally alive at all points? Shakespeare invented no plots; his power was development, assimilation, a kindling of ten thousand faggots into flame, but a flame which endures by its own virtue. Can we make so much of the "Essays," even though Montaigne wrote them, as to see in their resolute Epicurean spirit the beginnings of that unfathomable gloom that overspreads *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Othello*, and that yields only to Prospero's magic in *The Tempest*? It is an explanation not deep enough, not so intimate and personal as we demand. We fall back upon Shakespeare's genius as a psychological reality, and upon his life-experience, of which we know so little, as the sufficient reason why he wrote tragedies at last. And we hold that he saw farther into the meaning of the world than even Michel de Montaigne.

B.

REVIEWS.

DUCHESSES, AND OTHERS.

THE TWO DUCHESSES. Edited by Vere Foster. London: Blackie & Son.

THIS is an interesting, amusing, and, at the same time, provoking book. Its editor is evidently an amiable man with a passion for imparting, by means of footnotes, unnecessary information, and sternly withholding from the perplexed reader the small scraps of knowledge without which he is doomed to wander in a maze from the first page to the last. You early discover what manner of man the editor is from the preface, where, having occasion to refer to the "Dictionary of National Biography," he superfluously adds "of which valuable work fifty-two volumes are already published." Quite true, no doubt, and their number is now fifty-three. Mr. Foster, in the course of this book, takes occasion to give us the dates of the births and deaths of Voltaire (1694-1778), Rousseau (1712-1778), Durer (1471-1528), Rembrandt (1606-1669), Raphael (1483-1520), Garth (1661-1719), Gay (1685-1732), Shakespeare (1564-1616), Michael Angelo (1475-1564), and Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), and many others, but what he does not do is to let us know when his two duchesses were born and how they died, nor does he seriously attempt to unravel relationships. It is a mercy Thomas Carlyle is dead, for this kind of editing used to make him very angry, and when Carlyle was angry he used bad words. But we live now (1898) in more tolerant and slipshod times. Anybody is at liberty to shoot his little heap anywhere and anyhow, and if among the contents the ingenious reader discovers anything of the least interest his surprise is only equalled by his gratitude. Therefore we feel bound to declare, in the pompous language of our craft, that Mr. Vere Foster has done well no longer to withhold from the public the interesting letters of his ancestors.

When submitted to analysis, the book in question gives the following results: The two Duchesses are Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, the dates of whose birth and marriage to the fifth Duke of Devonshire are not given, who died in 1806, and Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, who married the widower of Georgiana in 1809, and died in 1824. Of Georgiana there are printed just two letters and some bits of versification, which do not occupy altogether eight pages, and the rest of the book, which numbers more than 450 pages, is, with some trifling exceptions, devoted to the correspondence of Duchess Elizabeth with her parents and her son. The title of the book is, therefore, somewhat misleading. We do not complain of Duchess Elizabeth, far from it! but we should like to have heard more of the

Duchess Georgiana, whose acquaintance we early made as the "lady nursed in pomp and pleasure" of Coleridge's Ode. Mr. Foster reprints the poem written by the Duchess containing the stanza which excited the muse of S. T. C.

"And hail the chapel—hail the platform wild
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm that first preserved his child,
Then winged the arrow to the tyrant's heart."

By some oversight Mr. Foster has failed to supply us with the dates of Tell's birth and death, which we take unkind. Of course, he does not think it worth his while to refer to Coleridge, who, if we remember aright, answers his own question:

"O lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Where learnt thou that heroic measure?"

by attributing the learning of the Duchess to her habit—probably taught her by Rousseau (1712-1778)—of suckling her own children. The stanzas—and the poem is as long as Gray's "Elegy"—are estimable enough, but would hardly now-a-days attract notice even if composed by a Duchess. It has become much harder of late years to write poetry. All the more credit is therefore the just due of the heavenly host who continue the practice.

The Duchess Elizabeth was a daughter of a very extraordinary man, the Hon. Frederick Hervey, Protestant Bishop of Derry, who, on the death of his brother, became the Earl of Bristol. The most amusing letters in the book either proceed from or relate to this curious being. He writes like an affectionate father; but was, we doubt not, wholly and entirely devoured by that sin of selfishness George Osborne, of "Vanity Fair," so deeply deplored. He was wrong-headed, extravagant, and conceited, but in so far as he was unlike every other peer and prelate of his own or any other time, he is to be commended by all students of the humours of mankind. The Bishop was married to a daughter of Sir Jermyn Davers, Bart., who found her position a trying one. She must often have wished that our blessed Reformation had not taken the shackles of celibacy off our clergy. Nearly a third of the book consists of the letters of the Bishop and his lady to their daughter Elizabeth, then the wife—and the by no means contented wife—of J. T. Foster, an Irish M.P., who died in 1796. Here is a specimen of the Bishop's epistolary art addressed to the Lady Elizabeth:

"PYMONT, August 16, 1796.

"You nasty little Imp of Silence! What are you doing, that one can hear no more about you than if one did not care for you? and yet who do I care for more?

"I wrote your brother that he might bring your ugly face with him, and we would all go to Naples, where I have, without exception, the handsomest and best situated house there—fourteen rooms on each floor, all hung with Rafaels, Titians (note by the editor, Tiziano Vecellio, 1477-1576), and what not. Then how happy the Queen to see you, and the delicious evenings we should pass with her. Your brother is to receive by estafette a passport from the Directory to land at Ostend, and come to me through Brabant. That would be the road for you, eight hours' sail, and no more. Then what a journey together, and a month's residence at Sans Souci, which the King has just lent me, with his cooks, library, gallery, etc. Oh! if I can accomplish my heart and soul's desire to join your dear brother's hand with La Comtesse de la Marche—£5,000 a year down, £5,000 more in reversion, an English dukedom, probably the embassy to Berlin—*per Dio che piacere.* The King gave me his honour to pass next summer at Ickworth, if there be a peace."

This Comtesse de la Marche was the illegitimate daughter of the King of Prussia, by the Countess of Lichtenau, and the good bishop's letters are for a long time full of the match for which he panted. It however, was not to be, for the lady passed, with a dowry of 200,000 thalers, to Count Stolberg. The Bishop of Derry is worth a good deal of study. Some amusing characteristics of his are to be found in the just published Autobiography of Arthur Young. The gout carried him off in 1803. His wife had predeceased him. Her letters to her daughter are excellent.

Lady Elizabeth Foster had several children by her first husband, and among them Augustus, afterwards the Right Hon. Sir Augustus Foster, the father of our editor. The book contains a great many letters of Lady Elizabeth to her son. When the two duchesses first became acquainted we are not told, but they evidently became inseparable companions. Here is a bit of conversation about the death of Pitt, which happened on the 23rd of January, 1806. It is Lady Elizabeth writing to her son—

"Nothing can paint better the feelings of a generous mind than the conversation which passed between Fox and the Duke [of Devonshire]. The Duke was saying that he thought it impossible not to be shocked at the death of a man of such superior abilities, even though one differed from him in political opinion."

Oh, these Dukes of Devonshire and other places! How gravely they have gone on uttering their well-nigh intolerable platitudes on all the great occasions of our history. Her enraptured ladyship proceeds:—

"'Shocked,' answered Mr. Fox, 'yes, certainly; it feels as if something was missing in the world.' I can't tell you the effect those few words had upon me—so simple, so sublime in their simplicity."

Just as it is true the man you hate cannot lift his food to his mouth but you hate him the more for it, so it is true the man you love cannot pass the time of day but it strikes you as simple and therefore, in his case, sublime.

The beautiful Georgiana died on the 30th of March, 1806; and the Earl of Carlisle wrote some detestable verses on that melancholy occasion which Mr. Foster need not have reprinted. A month after, the Prince Regent wrote the following letter to Lady Elizabeth—

"DEAR LADY ELIZABETH,—I am really quite ashamed of intruding upon you and the Duke under any circumstances at the present moment, but particularly so when it is respecting a trifle. To take up as little as possible of your time, I will immediately come to the point, and will beg of you to borrow from the Duke for a few days his Collar of the Order of the Garter. By some misfortune my Brother Augustus cannot find his. Forgive me all the trouble I am giving you, and believe me, dearest Lady Elizabeth, most affectionately yours,

"Carlton House, April 28th, 1806. GEORGE."

A very well-written letter this must be pronounced to be; but had Augustus "spouted" his own Collar?

Lady Elizabeth felt her friend's death very much—

"Oh! my dear Augustus, what a blank in my future life. I am and ought to be grateful for the friend that is preserved to me and for such affectionate sons; but she was the only female friend I ever had. . . . Oh! could you see how sad poor Devonshire House looks."

In September, 1806, she gives a touching account of the last hours of Charles James Fox. "Nothing," she writes to her son—

"Can give an idea of the anxiety about Mr. Fox, for, though his health was seriously affected, he had recovered so much strength at Chiswick, and was so happy here, that it was impossible not to flatter oneself that he might yet recover a considerable degree of health. The change was sudden and dreadful—he had slept pretty well, was cheerful, went to look at his favourite pictures in the drawing-room, returned to his room to dress and go out; his secretary was reading to him, he suddenly fell back, an extreme weakness came on, which, with the interval of one day, when hopes were severed, continued from Monday to Saturday, when he died. He had his senses to the last, and knew his situation. Mrs. Fox asked him if he would have prayers read, and he said 'Yes, my love.' Whilst they were reading he joined his hands, and he gave ample directions to poor Lord Holland. To Mrs. Fox he turned with increasing tenderness in his countenance, and an hour before his death said to her, 'I die happy, but I pity you.' Most of his intimate friends were at Chiswick. It was a touching scene to see all these men unable to suppress their grief, and careless to conceal their tears. How they can attend the funeral I know not—it is to be the 10th of October, and I own I dread it for their sake."

What the duke said about the death of Fox is happily not recorded. In 1809 the duke and Lady Elizabeth married.

In the latter part of the book Lord Byron and Miss Milbanke make their appearance. The young Augustus had been casting sheep-eyes at Miss Milbanke, who, however, did not prove responsive. Lady Elizabeth wrote of her: "In short, she is good, amiable, and sensible, but cold, prudent, and reflecting," which is really very much what her wedded lord came to say of her in what he took to be rhyme. Lady Elizabeth goes on—"Lord Byron makes up to her a little, but she don't seem to admire him except as a poet, nor he her, except for a wife." Admirable a letter-writer as was Lord Byron, he could not have improved upon this. The volume concludes with some letters of Lady Byron's which, though somewhat incongruously assorted with the rest of the correspondence, are interesting and characteristic. They are said to be published with the consent of the Byron family, which, considering the contents of one of them, is a little odd.

LANDLORD AND TENANT IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THE TRUTH ABOUT AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION: AN ECONOMIC STUDY OF THE EVIDENCE OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION. By F. A. Channing, M.P. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

MR. CHANNING'S work might be described by his enemy as a boiled-down Blue-book. Even in that limited view it has a very real value. The Commission appointed by Mr. Gladstone had a somewhat ludicrous history. It was captured by the Tories, and its only practical result, so far, has been the grotesque Agricultural Rating Act. Its final report was one of the weakest ever produced after so much labour. But the Commission and its Assistant Commissioners took a vast mass of evidence which ought not to be left in the inaccessibility of innumerable folio volumes. Mr. Channing, who is one of the most sincere and thorough economists among practical politicians, has given the gist of the evidence in a single volume of moderate size, which is as readable as any honest economical work can be. The picture which he paints is an excessively gloomy one. It may be in some respects a little over-coloured. The subsequent rise in grain prices, if it is maintained, may tend to avert, or at least delay, the ruin of English agriculture. But, in the main, it cannot be denied that the picture is accurate. What has happened is really this. During the past quarter of a century all prices have fallen, and the prices of meat and corn somewhat more than other prices. But in other industries there has been a corresponding decrease in the cost of production. Raw material has been cheapened by improvements in means of carriage, the process of manufacture has been cheapened by mechanical inventions, and labour has become more effective owing to education and the increased purchasing power of wages. None of these ameliorative agencies have had the same effect in the farming industry. There is a natural limit to the use of labour-saving appliances in the cultivation of corn or the rearing of cattle, and the system of land tenure in Great Britain has arrested improvement long short of that natural limit. Education has tended to make the better labourers leave for the towns, with their greater opportunities, and no effective inducements to stay have been offered to them. The chief raw material is the land, and land is still dearer in England than in any of the competing countries.

All this spells ruin. How is ruin to be averted? Mr. Channing is not a magician. He does not prophesy any return to the old prosperity. But he sketches a necessary and practicable minimum of reform. In the first place rents must fall further. To take a typical instance:—

> "Mr. Foster, a Northumberland farmer, whose rent stood at £750 for a farm of 500 acres in 1875, and at £525 in 1893, put his expenses in 1875, including rent, at £2,056. His savings on labour, manures, and feeding stuffs, and rent, amount to £381. But, owing to the fall in prices (taken at 30 per cent.), the same amount of produce which would have paid his expenses in 1875 would now bring only £1,439, while the expenses now, after deducting the various savings, would still be £1,675. Thus a reduction in rent of 61 per cent., instead of 30 per cent., would be required to recoup losses through fall in prices."

There are farms, of course, which could not be profitably cultivated even if rent was abolished, but in most cases rent is the central point of the problem. It is perhaps true that under the English system of big farmers, whose capital is not to a large degree fixed capital, there is a tendency for rent to readjust itself to natural conditions more quickly than in most other countries. But Mr. Channing gives abundant reason for believing that the process, even in England, is too slow. The competition of people who take farms more for pleasure than for profit keeps rents up. "Thus Mr. Speir mentions of Nithsdale that out of 172 new tenants no less than fifty-three were bankers, merchants, or others entirely unconnected with agriculture." The general deterioration of the land, owing to over-renting, has made men of capital offer scarcity prices for those farms which have been maintained by the exceptional skill or industry of the tenant. "A well-farmed place is letable still, and it is even more letable because of the large number that are not well farmed." The Agricultural Holdings Act of 1883, while it gives some inadequate compensation to the quitting tenant, gives, as Sir James Caird protested, when the Bill was before Parliament, no protection or security to the sitting tenant. While there is no universal claim for fixity of tenure in the Irish sense, there is a strong case for giving the sitting tenant (1) the right to call in an arbitrator to fix his rent for a new term, and (2) compensation for disturbance if he is removed for anything except non-payment of rent or bad farming.

One of the strongest arguments against the competition system of rent-fixing is that furnished by the experience of the best landowners. Sir Massey Lopes will not let his farms by tender, and the tenantry go on from father to son. The Duke of Richmond said: "I should offer it to the old tenant at the rent which I considered, after consulting my factor and commissioner, was the rent which ought to be paid, and if anybody else offered to give me a larger rent I would not take it. . . . I should think that he did not know so much about it as we did. . . . I think it would be fatal to set them bidding against each other." So with many others. But the majority of landlords, however great their kindness of heart, are not in a position to take less than they can get. They are burdened with mortgages and family charges, and with the expenses of an obsolete standard of living increased by the competition of the *nouveaux riches*. Thus they exact competition rents to the great injury of agriculture.

Mr. Channing deals with the absurd restrictive covenants sometimes enforced, with the good results obtained occasionally by intelligent capitalist farming on a large scale, and with the evidence as to small holdings. He is not very sanguine apparently as to any immediate general results from agricultural organisation in England, but he speaks forcibly about railway rates. Altogether the book is a valuable one, and it makes out a strong case for land reform.

A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES.

FALKLANDS. By the Author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby," "The Life of a Prig." London: Longmans, Green & Co.

IT is scarce worth while to review a preface, but here we are treated to a curious theory stated with much sham humour and a good deal of by no means sham conceit. The purpose of the book is to amuse its author—*argal*, the author is easily amused; again, he thus meets the obvious retort, "Yes; but why bore the public?" The public reads much rubbish, and if it buys and reads this, why, let it a' godde's

name. But here, what philosophers call the previous question, must be raised: *Does* it buy? *does* it read? Enterprising journals are wont to publish certificates of accountants as to their circulation. Something of the same sort here might reveal astounding results. Moreover, the author goes on, it is worth while to publish a book, because you send it to a score or so of leading journals and thus get the opinion of a very special jury on its merits; but here, again, there must be the previous question, "Will the score always oblige?" One is moved by the quaint impudence of the whole proceeding; but let not the author expect to find the critic ever in the same amiable mood. But to our task! The book has some external merits: it is well printed, and decently got up; it is illustrated with a number of photogravures, and one is of surpassing interest—for it is from a portrait by Vandyck of *the* Lord Falkland, "that incomparable young man" of Clarendon's famous phrase, and of course the only Lord Falkland about whom the world cares anything. It is an exquisite portrait; a masterpiece of the greatest artist in likeness the world has ever known. Look thereon, read Clarendon's pictured page—you have got the best and, as one loves to think, the truest picture of this lofty-minded Englishman. One needs must give the author credit for something; there is great industry of a sort, and much miscellaneous, though ill-digested, information. Carlyle was probably the first who taught the scribe, by example, the trick of larding his leanness by apt and frequent quotation from documents, printed or otherwise, of the period. Others followed suit, and the custom grew universal. It is quite modern, for not Hume, or Robertson, or Gibbon, or even Macaulay, had it. Now our later Victorian era is but a "twilight of the gods;" the great stars have well-nigh all set, and there remains imitation carried to excess; and this trick in special has been outdone, though one has rarely seen such gross misuse as here. The extracts follow each other in reckless fashion; they are not so used as to help us to form a clear idea of the man, but opposite and contradictory, they disturb the mind and blur the picture. They are mostly graphic, or at least amusing, and their point is set off by the commonplace and silly reflections wherewith they are strung together.

Like everybody else, Lucius Cary had his detractors; to cold, peevish, gossiping Horace Walpole he was "a well-meaning man with a moderate understanding," whilst to Matthew Arnold he was a "martyr of sweetness and light, of lucidity of mind and largeness of temperament"; his peculiarity is that the very qualities which endear him to our own time lessened his influence; he was of the type of Erasmus and Bishop Leighton, too scholarly, too humorous, too moderate to be a devoted partisan; yet how attractive his life history; the man of noble birth and high character stands before us. His devotion to letters ("Rare Ben Jonson" was his intimate friend) brings him into touch with the spacious time of Great Elizabeth. How well one remembers Clarendon's picture of the house at Great Tew to which men repaired as to a college. The transparent honesty of his conduct in the period preceding the Civil War is evident. He was on the side of liberty, and it was only with great hesitation that, noble as he was and aristocratic as were his personal leanings, he cast in his lot with Charles. Even then he was no great favourite at Court; he was too honest, too independent for fanatics on either side, and though the king employed him it was only because his great gifts made him indispensable. There is something touching in his eagerness for peace, and in the grief amounting to horror wherewith he regarded the Civil War. The last scene of all is here told with sufficient detail and plentiful lack of taste. It reads poor after Clarendon, whose nobly eloquent phrases haunt the mind whenever one thinks of the Battle of Newbury. Falkland's desperate and reckless courage and his death, wherein at least he was happy in that it removed him from the evil days to come, is and ever will be an impressive memory. Much has been written on him, but his best epitaph may still be found in the words wherein another great historian has written of another character *Felix opportunitate mortis*.

LIGHT.

LIGHT, VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE. A Series of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, at Christmas, 1896. By Silvanus P. Thompson, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS course of lectures deals with light and shadows, the visible spectrum and the eye, polarisation of light, the invisible spectrum, and Röntgen light. The real merit of the book is, however, in the appendices to the several lectures, and in the account of the first experiments of Hertz on electric waves, and of Röntgen on the X Rays. The subjects of the appendices are: a general method of geometrical optics, anomalous refraction and dispersion, the elastic solid theory of light, the electro-magnetic theory of light, and invisible light of other kinds than that discovered by Röntgen.

The mode of representing light-waves as transverse undulations, the models for illustrating such motion, and the polarisation of the waves, is an oft-told tale; but in the treatment of groups or trains of waves, with which Professor Thompson deals somewhat fully, most readers will find a novel exercise for their scientific imagination.

"The electro-magnetic waves passing through the ether travel at a rate which is retarded by the presence of material molecules, the ether being, as it were, loaded with them. These heavy particles cannot be set into vibration without taking up energy from the advancing wave; and, so long as there is no absorption, they give up this kinetic energy again to the wave as it passes on. In this way the velocity of propagation of the train of waves is slightly less than the velocity of propagation of the individual wave; the front of the train continually dying out in giving its energy to the material particles in the medium. In such a medium there will, of course, be ordinary refraction; and as the velocity of propagation of the wave train will depend on the frequency (*i.e.* on the wave length) of the oscillations (there being in general a greater retardation of the waves of higher frequency, *i.e.* of shorter wave length), there will be a dispersion of the ordinary kind. All this applies to waves the wave length of which is large compared with the size of the molecules. But if there were smaller waves, the frequency of which coincided very nearly with the natural oscillation period of the molecules, or atoms, such waves would set up a violent sympathetic vibration of these material particles, and would be strongly absorbed. Suppose that there are waves of still smaller size and still higher frequency. Their oscillations are too rapid to affect the atoms; they pass freely between the interstices of matter, and are not retarded, therefore not refracted or dispersed, or only very slightly so. The medium would act as if almost perfectly transparent to such waves; and their refraction might be either slightly negative or slightly positive; whilst for the minutest waves of all, the refraction would be simply zero."

The conception of trains, or groups, of waves originated, we believe, with Sir George Stokes. The idea was subsequently worked out by Professor Osborne Reynolds and by Lord Kelvin in connection with ocean waves and the wave track of a ship. The latest application, of which Sir George Stokes is, again, the author, brings us nearer than we were to an understanding of the Röntgen rays.

"Stokes's view is that while all ordinary light consists of trains of waves, in which each ripple is one of a series that gradually dies away, the Röntgen light consists of solitary ripples, each of not more than one or one and a half waves. According to Stokes, the Röntgen light is generated at the antikathode by impact of the flying negatively-electrified molecules (or atoms) which constitute the kathode stream. At the moment when each of these flying molecules strikes against the target and rebounds, there will be a quiver of its electric charge; in other words, the charge on the molecule will perform an oscillation. Now, that electric oscillation will be executed across the molecule in a direction generally normal to the plane of the target, and will give rise to an electro-magnetic disturbance which will be propagated as a wave in all directions, except where stopped by the metal of the target. And this oscillation

being of excessively short period, and dying out after about one or two complete periods, will generate a wave which, though of a frequency as high as or even higher than that of ordinary ultra-violet light, and therefore capable of producing kindred effects, will not be capable of being made to interfere nor to undergo regular refraction or reflexion, because it does not consist of a complete train of waves."

We recommend Professor Silvanus Thompson's book on Light to those who wish to learn the latest views upon certain parts of this most elegant of all the physical sciences.

A HIDDEN LIFE.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. A Biographical and Critical Study. By Mackenzie Bell. London: Hurst & Blackett.

WE are thankful to Mr. Mackenzie Bell that he does not call his book "A Life." On the whole, the book is as satisfactory as we could have looked for. Christina Rossetti's was the hidden life, as much as that of any nun in her cloister—the dying life by her own choice. If her life could have been written by one who knew her intimately—her mother or her sister, Maria Francesca—it would have been the life of a saint; and to such a pinnacle her humility never lifted eyes. All that green and watered tract of her soul we find in her poetry. In her daily life, as viewed by any but her nearest and dearest, she hid herself, not behind fond and trivial things, but behind something far more baffling. The letters of the most spontaneous singer of our day are Johnsonian eloquence, sonorous, stilted, with never a suggestion of warm heart-beats behind. Her presence baffled one in the same way. The saddest and sweetest poet of all English-speaking women revealed herself bewilderingly as something workaday and with a disturbing cheerfulness. It was an ambition of her brother Gabriel to pass for a bluff Englishman. Something of the bluff Englishwoman was Christina Rossetti's veil: and one looked at her with amazement, knowing the soul that hid behind those barriers, the soul that would not be surprised, except as she herself chose, in her poetry. Fond and trivial Mr. Mackenzie Bell's records are not. He gives what Christina chose to give to the world outside her poetry, and gives it with perhaps too little reservation. It was no way incompatible with Christina's saintship that she should be concerned about the colour of Gabriel's slippers, and even he, who trod upon roses and lilies of earth, as his namesake of Heaven, why, it is only part of our mortality that he should need the harmless necessary slipper. But why need Mr. Mackenzie Bell have printed this irresistible small beer:

"If you like to lay in a bottle of *dye* I will try my hand at toning your slippers on Boxing Day morning. Or why not try sending to a dyer's?"

Such things come fresh as a surprise in Mr. Mackenzie Bell's pages, but the surprise is not a pleasant one, though it may excite the laughter even of those in love with Mr. Mackenzie Bell's subject. Christina's report on the lodgings of Birchington to Mr. Frederick Shields is more of this lamentable small beer. The thing which Mr. Mackenzie Bell does well is to tack on Christina's allusions in "Time Flies" and elsewhere to events in her quiet life. We are very grateful for the beautiful portraits which adorn the book, and for the discretion which rejected that photograph in later life which it was Christina's extreme humility to consider like her, though no one who knew and loved her would share her opinion. Whether Gabriel idealised or not the young Christina, he must have painted her with entire and absolute vision. One has only to look at those spiritual pictures to realise how little chance photography would have of doing justice to such a face. Mr. Mackenzie Bell's book reduces itself to sketchy chat about a wonderful life. Think of how absolutely that life was lived for others: the youth of it subordinated to the needs of age, the love of and the desire for beauty met with a stern negation that bound it practically all its days to a melancholy London square; and then the natural hopes and joys of a woman's heart silenced because the voice of conscience was more insistent. What it cost Christina Rossetti to yield up love twice in her life, because it seemed to her that no unity could exist without unity in God, we find in her poems. The strength which could resist not only love itself but the urgent voice that bids a woman above all things to save and care for the beloved, tender sophistry though it may be, was surely superhuman. The book must be read for the fascination which lies about Christina and Gabriel. Mr. Mackenzie Bell has been as generously helped as might be by Mr. William Rossetti and others. But why did not Mr. William Rossetti himself do the book? The spiritual side of his sister's character he could not, indeed, have rendered so perfectly as could those who were in accord with her on what she considered the one vital matter. But, tenderly united as they were, he would have given us much of the human Christina. She would not be written about while she lived. Probably, if she could speak now, she would choose, if any, a biography so partial and so little public as this. She had given us all she wished us to know in her poetry, and that is revealing enough. Otherwise she remains to us the same hidden saint she was before Mr. Mackenzie Bell wrote his interesting and well-intentioned monograph.

CROMWELL AND EASTERN ENGLAND.

EAST ANGLIA AND THE GREAT CIVIL WAR. By A. Kingston. London: Elliot Stock.

A SANE and careful account of the Associated Counties, their organisation, their army, and their influence was a piece of local history of the Civil War period which was very well worth doing, both for its own sake and for the light that it must shed on the rise of Independency and the New Model, and also on the character and motives of the great Association leader, Oliver Cromwell. Mr. Kingston must therefore be commended for his choice of a subject, and we are glad also to be able to congratulate him on the manner in which he has carried out his task. He tells us of the personal history of the men who rose to fame in the direction of the Eastern Association. Of Cromwell himself he has much to say, as also of the great Huntingdonshire magnate, Lord Manchester, under whom Cromwell led the eastern levies to their final triumph at Marston Moor. We get interesting glimpses of minor personages, and of the strange family divisions that, for instance, made the head of the house of Cromwell, Sir Oliver Cromwell of Ramsey, a staunch Royalist, while the uncle of Manchester, who lived in the Cromwells' old home at Hinchinbrook, was thoroughly devoted to the king, despite the contrary influence of the lord of Kimbolton. Mr. Kingston tells us, moreover, of the organisation of the associated shires. He describes the fortifications, which made their headquarters at Cambridge almost as strong a centre of the Puritanism of the east as Oxford was of the Royalism of the midlands and west. The stirring history of the progress of the eastern army, the sieges of Crowland and Lynn, the fierce fight at Winceby (where Colonel Cromwell had his horse shot under him and narrowly escaped with his life), the brilliant conquest of Lincolnshire, the great struggle between Long Marston and Tockwith, the operations in the south and the final breach of Cromwell and Manchester, after the second battle of Newbury, are all clearly brought out. Mr. Kingston devotes equal attention to the Second Civil War of 1648, in which the eastern counties felt, for the first time, the horrors involved in actual hostilities, and when Colchester held out so long and so well against

Fairfax. He has much to tell also of the crushing taxation that ruined the unlucky Royalist squires, and of the merciless ejection of the Anglican parsons from their livings, and of the doings in favour of their Puritan supplanters. Much light is also thrown on social history. We read of the business relations, the circuits of judges, and all the daily avocations of life going on as usual and hardly affected by the course of the struggle. Even church building was not altogether brought to a stop. Mr. Kingston has worked hard and carefully through a large mass of printed and unprinted authorities, including the vast pamphlet and newspaper literature of the time, and he has made good use of the archives of Cambridge colleges. He tells his tale simply and unaffectedly, preferring, as a rule, to let his texts speak for themselves, and weaving together his extracts in appropriate and well-chosen language. He has given some rough but interesting illustrations, and has put a great deal of work into his scholarly and useful appendices, among which we may specially commend the careful lists of the members of the county committees of the Association, and the elaborate list of deprived clergy in Cambridgeshire, which is due to Mr. W. M. Palmer. The only complaint that we have to make is that Mr. Kingston's general history is not always so good as his local history, and that he sometimes makes unnecessary slips by reason of this limitation in his studies. The same tendency makes him now and then rather erratic in his choice of authorities. His attitude to the Squire Papers is characteristic of this. He has a suspicion that these letters are somehow discredited, but he does not realise how utterly they have been exploded. The only interest now attaching to these clumsy forgeries is that they once deceived Thomas Carlyle. Yet the strange persistence of historical error is well illustrated by Mr. Kingston, who, though suspecting, still more than once uses and quotes these precious documents. Will Squire's influence continue to pervade our seventeenth century histories much in the same way in which the traces of Ingulf and Richard of Cirencester still remain in many of our local and amateur works on mediæval history? It is a terrible prospect.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE. A Book for Architects and the Public. By H. Heathcote Statham. London: Chapman & Hall.

THE prevailing note of this book, which is from the highly competent pen of Mr. H. H. Statham, is common-sense. It is, however, common-sense raised to a high power, and its austerity here and there tempered with humour. His subject is simply the architecture of the day—that of the present, not of the past, generation. Of the various revivals that, at short intervals, have followed each other since the beginning of the century, he takes little note, remarking drily, that about them "there is nothing new to be said." But his subject is sufficiently large, for he deals with nothing less than the whole duty of the modern architect.

Of course, Mr. Statham has to discuss the question whether architecture is a profession or an art, and he delivers himself very clearly. The theory that the architect's one business is to produce beauty in the design he scouts altogether. That, he says, is the highest aim of architecture, but if the architect confines himself to that, he takes a very limited view of his duties, and *àpropos* of this he has the following story. "A very uncompromising art architect said to me, 'I hate drainage and ventilation, you know; I like to have all that done for me.' I repeated this to a friend, who certainly is an 'art architect' in his ambitions and predilections, if ever there was one, and his reply was significant: 'Well, architecture seems to me to be the art of designing the best possible building, and *the drains are part of the design.*'" And this holds true of every detail from footings to chimney-pots. Nothing can be left to chance. If a man treats his specifications as "a mere letter to the contractor, telling him what to do," the result, says Mr. Statham, will be "many letters to the lawyer." Though he objects, a little unreasonably perhaps, to the word "profession" as "suggesting tin boxes with clients' names and pigeon-holes with filed letters," he insists that a man is no worse as an architect by being also a first-rate man of business, like Sir Christopher Wren. Moreover, if he plumes himself on being an artist exclusively, he will neglect a portion of the work for which he is paid. "He can only be an incomplete architect, and the world requires a complete architect." Mr. Statham's views about "a style of our own" are equally trenchant. The conditions under which the old styles were developed no longer exist. The *vase close*, as Taine calls it, no longer holds together anywhere. The cultivation in the little *parterre* of Greece, or the larger borders of Rome, is no longer possible. The enclosing frontiers were broken at the close of the Renaissance; they are now obliterated. But though "a style" in the Greek or the Roman sense is a chimera, "style" is what we ought to have. Naturally, he finds it hard to define the qualities of reasonableness and harmony, or, if we may venture to offer him a single word, the "inevitableness," that is the mark of a perfect style, but he illustrates his meaning by a sound literary analogy. "Mr. Watson is a poet with a perfect style, Mr. Alfred Austin is a poet with no style." And Mr. Statham explains that "Mr. Watson seems to use exactly the best word to express his thought, so that if we substituted another word the thought would be spoiled and weakened, while Mr. Austin seems to use any word that will rhyme or that will fit the metre." Whether we quite accept the whole of this criticism or not, it is certain that we do not see much modern architecture that has the quality of Mr. Watson's verse.

Of course, in a popular treatise like this, Church architecture occupies a leading place. Still, less than a fifth of the volume is concerned with it, the rest being given to State and Municipal, Domestic and Street, Architecture, and to a highly suggestive discussion on the influence of iron. Mr. Statham skilfully runs over the modern work in all these departments, and pricks a good many bubbles in his course. He tilts, for instance, against the preference of Anglicans for the mediæval form of church, which he accounts unreasonable, as it dates back only from the middle period of Christianity (when the Roman form obtained throughout the West), so that it represents neither the earliest tradition, nor the tradition of the Reformed Church of England. But the divagations of religious æstheticism are, it may be gathered, not usually "according to right reason." A case in point is the late Mr. Street's declaration, that no architect who did not believe in the Real Presence could design a chancel in the proper spirit. Mr. Statham suggests that Mr. Street, who always designed in Early Gothic style, forgot the date and circumstance of the institution of the Last Supper. A simpler explanation would be that he did not quite understand the controversy between Nominalist and Realist, although, for that matter, it is probable that among those who anathematised Abelard, let alone us moderns, many would be found in the same condemnation as Mr. Street. However this may be, the opinion that "Gothic" (at least, if we stretch the word so as to include "Anglo-Norman") is the only true church style is now engrained in the minds both of our clergy and laity. Mr. Statham recalls the fact that some of the leaders of the Gothic revival knew their history better. For it was neither a church style nor a lay style, it was the current style of the day, in which all stone buildings that were not fortresses were built. Mr. Statham's views of what a church style should be, may be summarised thus:—In construction it should

be monumental and solid, in detail it should be serious and severe, to the exclusion of "merely superficial, pretty, or unmeaning ornament." No doubt these are counsels of perfection, for, in his many examples of churches and designs for churches, there is not one that fills the bill or goes near it. Perhaps the absolute worst is the design for the cathedral at Berlin, which shows neither invention nor refinement nor grace of proportion. Some of the most attractive are French churches built, Mr. Statham says, in the Byzantine style—Italo-Byzantine we should have preferred to call it, but that is a detail. The curious thing is that this style should be pushing out the Renaissance in France, while there "in the cradle of the style, the spirit of Gothic architecture is absolutely dead." One of the few conclusions of a cheering character in the chapter on Churches is drawn from a comparison of the correct Gothic work (facsimile work we might call it) of the early days of the revival, with that now being executed.

> "Then, the endeavour was made to imitate exactly the details of the original style—a detail for which no precedent was found, was, indeed, considered almost inadmissible—but in a thin and cheap manner and with little perception of the essential character which lay behind these details and was at the root of Gothic architecture. In the present day we have departed very much from archæological precedent in detail, while, at the same time, the works of our best architects show far more of the spirit which prevailed in mediæval building than was ever attained by their more 'correct' predecessors of the last generation."

Certainly there is promise in this, all the more because the predominant Christianity of the Church of England is, *pace* Mr. Statham, essentially a mediæval religion, having hardly any affinity with that of primitive times, and hating the very name of Protestantism.

Lay architecture, particularly on its official or public side, though of more practical concern, seems to us to be in a still less hopeful condition. The Houses of Parliament come in, as they deserve, for unstinted appreciation. Mr. Statham points out that Barry's main idea has been "conveyed" (in Ancient Pistol's use of the word) to places as far apart as Buda-Pesth and Tokio; and predominates even in Berlin, though the Parliament House there has been erected in a style which is nothing but a German travesty of Italian Renaissance. But we have not had many such successes as Westminster. With the club houses of London Mr. Statham does not deal at length; but with a few exceptions, they are hardly the work of this generation. We think he is a little hard on the showy or pretentious element in the polished granite columns of the Carlton. We had always thought there was a delicately ironical appropriateness in taking the design of the Conservative treasure house from the Venetian Zecca. Few will quarrel with his criticism of the large, new "overflow" clubs like the Constitutional and the National Liberal. They are, the author says, "essentially huge political taverns, and by a natural consequence hardly distinguishable from hotels." Street architecture is not a thing on which Londoners can plume themselves, but there are excuses. The Building Acts are partly guilty, for their allowance of width is quite insufficient to enable a tall building to be seen; while they taboo the richly carved and picturesque timber fronts which we admire in the old quarters of many Continental cities.

Space forbids any attempt to do more than pick out a few plums of interest in this able and interesting book; but we cannot part with it without calling attention to what the author has to say on "the influence of iron." Some architectural critics have argued that great works in iron or steel, like the Forth Bridge, are the real architectural creations of the modern period; "that they are to the nineteenth century what the cathedral was to the thirteenth," and that "our only hope of a genuine life in modern architecture consists in our recognising and utilising to the utmost this modern material, and evolving from its use a new style of architecture based on its qualities." Mr. Statham combats this view, denying that steel building can ever have the grandeur and breadth of stone, urging, moreover, that steel is a perishable material, and that engineers give it a life of but five hundred years, and that only "if proper care is used," which means "continual painting and scraping and examining and replacing of rivets." Five hundred years is not a patriarchal life for a building. St. Sophia is fourteen hundred years old, the transepts of Winchester seven hundred, and the Parthenon, but for a Christian bombardment, would still be a practicable building after twenty-three centuries. Of course, it is impossible to deny that these colossal bridges are characteristic of the present age, just as were the cathedrals of the Middle Ages. But this, as Mr. Statham points out, "does not make them architecture; it only proves that we live in an engineering, not an architectural epoch." It is, unfortunately, not an architectural epoch, nor a religious epoch, nor an artistic epoch. It is a utilitarian and scientific epoch. Now, architecture is the craft of producing structures that are serviceable in use, and beautiful in expression.

THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS.

THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS. By Lord Ribblesdale. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE Royal Buckhounds are invested with that glamour which belongs to a picturesque and rather theatrical survival of one of the national appurtenances of a mediæval Court: and, like other appointments of the stage in the daytime, they appear rather tawdry and incongruous when seen in the full light of modern life. We think of the cockney sportsmen, the "pretty horsebreakers," the stag, after a day of mortal terror, going home to his stable in a cart—unless he has had an accident, and died a painful and lingering death—and we feel indisposed to consider the institution further, except as a rather vulgar, generally cruel, and sometimes disgusting survival of barbarism. Still, it has a historical interest, which it is worth while to consider; and this handsome and finely illustrated volume, dedicated by permission to Her Majesty the Queen, is, for the most part, written by one who held the hereditary office of Master of the Buckhounds under the last Liberal Government. Lord Ribblesdale is very much indebted to Mr. Edward Burrows for an introduction on the hereditary mastership, compiled from the famous Brocas papers. Few of those who ride with Her Majesty's hounds are aware that the mastership was held by the family of Brocas for nearly three hundred years, from the middle of the fourteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century; and fewer still have ever heard of the connection between this long line of hereditary masters and the village of Brocas in the south-west of France, far from the track of the modern traveller. But Mr. Burrows, a lineal descendant of the Brocas, has contributed a most interesting account of the masters of olden time.

King Edward II. transplanted into this country from ancient Gascony ten favoured courtiers and trusted servants, endowing for them and their heirs lands in the neighbourhood of Eton for their services as Master of the Buckhounds, Master of the Horse, and such like; for these knights were highly skilled in the breeding and training of horses and in all the details of the chase. One of the earliest notices of any regular establishment for the Buckhounds is the grant of certain lands in Little Weldon, a manor of Northamptonshire, in 1216. To this "Hunter's Manor" was attached a Grand Serjeanty, for many centuries the mastership of the Royal Buckhounds. King Henry II. arranged that the Master should provide *at his own cost*, for the forty days of Lent, fifteen buckhounds and a keeper, the Master's salary being 7½d. a day when at Court and 12d. a day when

absent on the king's business, with two robes a year. But a supplementary salary of £50 a year was added for about four hundred years. We observe that early in the sixteenth century the elder line of the Masters comes to be represented by co-heiresses of the name of Brocas; but there is no evidence that either of them carried the horn or exercised in person any duties of the office. In 1633, the hereditary office became practically obsolete when Thomas Brocas sold it to Sir Lewis Watson for £3,000. Mr. Jenison, M.P., appointed Master in 1746, is the last Commoner who has filled the office.

Any conscientious history of the Buckhounds must leave much to be desired. For many long tracts of years they want the breath of life. Their existence is vouched for by warrants, salaries, and accounts; but this is a very sinister way of reaching history. Accordingly Lord Ribblesdale's first words in introducing his readers to the Georgian stag-hunting are a formal excuse that a great deal of his book will have little or nothing to do with the Queen's hounds. There is really little to be said about stag-hunting under George I.; for, being fifty years of age when he ascended the throne, he was too old to learn new hunting ways. George II. was very rude and feelingless when he snapped up Lady Suffolk, on her remarking that though one of his horses had impaled itself on some iron spikes it was lucky the stableman was not much hurt, by saying, "Yes, I am very lucky, truly; pray where is the buck? I have lost a good horse, and I have got a booby of a groom still to keep." George III. was a stag-hunter of a very different mettle; and his sport was conscientiously recorded in the Sporting Magazine of the day. Consideration was sometimes shown for his nineteen stone; for the Master would regularly stop the hounds to let him get forward. He acquired the freehold of the present paddocks of Swinley. Moonshine and Starlight were his famous stags that earned their names for so often running them out of daylight. Of course, no one wishes to kill a favourite; the sport is quite different from fox-hunting.

The arrival of the Goodwood hounds at Ascot, in 1813, started a new period in stag-hunting. From this time stag-hunting of the present day may be said to date. Stag-hunters owe much to George IV.; for he brought Charles Davis to Ascot, the right man to form and educate a new school. As a boy, King William IV. hunted, when ashore, with the dash of a seaman and the undeniable courage of his race. On one remarkable occasion he managed to get into a deep ditch early in the day's proceedings; but his French guests had to stick to the hunt though messages were being hourly brought to them to hurry home on account of the Revolution.

As the Adam Smith of stag-hunting economics, Charles Davis has a separate chapter to himself. Two of the half-dozen excellent photogravures in the volume represent Davis and Hermit. Colonel Anstruther Thomson, of Charleton, still remembers seeing Davis jump off his horse in a narrow lane; a tired stag was coming up it slowly with all the hounds around it. Davis let it half pass him, caught its horn with his left hand, and swung his whip round with his right, keeping the hounds at bay, and held the stag till someone came to help him. When a worthy pensioner he used to speak of the old days when Royalty was regular in its attendance and when the aristocracy and beauty of England walked up and down the course between the races. In his mind, racing had become vulgarised and common.

"The great difficulty is the Master of the Horse." So wrote Horace Walpole in 1760, in the throes of Court appointments. Yet a Walpole of 1892 might have written much the same of the Master of the Buckhounds, although Mr. Gladstone had then more places than peers. The *bête noire* was the very existence of the institution. The cruelty question was cropping up; but Lord Ribblesdale manfully tested everything during his Mastership, and thus summarises his views: "Hunting of the carted deer has always had its critics and its apologists. Tried by the purest standards of hunting, stag-hunting cannot, to my mind, take rank with fox-hunting. But during the last four or five years the Buckhounds have become the villains of politics. Sins are laid to their charge which they know not of. Speaking as one most intimately connected with the establishment, I hope in the following pages to establish the exaggeration of the grave charge of systematic cruelty brought, not only against these loyal servants of the Crown, but also against the staff and against the field of the Queen's Hunt." And, fearlessly entering the debatable land, he unflinchingly and honestly tells all he should as to the every-day life of the men, deer, horses, and hounds in the establishment.

The forest and the forest-hunting claim and deserve the author's special consideration. To his mind, the forest is not enough appreciated by the gallants who ride to the Queen's hounds. They think it dull. But in the forest, five minutes after the hounds are laid on, given a little luck and a little imagination, you are hunting a wild animal over country as wild as Uam Var. And no one knew this better than Charles Kingsley. The thrill of hunting things was in his blood. He never forgot to tell about the hunting bishop who shot the forester by mistake and built the almshouses at Guildford to his memory. The horses, no doubt, are in the forest cleverer than the men. They make their riders and themselves hot, but in apparently constant jeopardy they seem to enjoy the same sort of protection which Providence is said to accord to drunken men in railway accidents.

In his stag-hunting recollections, Lord Ribblesdale tells some pointed stories. Mr. Assheton Smith and Mr. J. White were always very jealous of each other. On one occasion they came to a great bullfinch with only one possible place in it. Mr. White got at it first, but stuck fast in the middle of it, to Mr. Smith's great annoyance. "Ram the spurs in and pray get out of my way," says Mr. Smith after a decent interval. "If you're in such a d——d hurry, why don't you charge me?" was the rejoinder. Mr. Smith took him at his word, and on they went as if nothing had happened.

Lord Ribblesdale gives some very useful hints about kennels and stables, especially about the cursed torment—kennel lameness and its prevention. The average establishment has always been forty couple; but the Queen's hounds are never vanned. He bemoans the anxious worries of the Ascot week, when the Master has a terrible responsibility in his endeavour to know and do justice to everybody. Yet he upholds the dignity of the order. He speaks with pride of his predecessors, Lords Colville, Granville, Cork, Lichfield, and Chesterfield, and of his successor, Lord Coventry, whose full-page portrait, along with a considerable number of beautiful engravings, embellish the pages of this most enjoyable volume.

FICTION.

SIMON DALE. By Anthony Hope. London: Methuen & Co.
MISS BETTY. By Bram Stoker. London: C. Arthur Pearson.
SPANISH JOHN. By William McLennan. London and New York: Harper & Brothers.
THE DEVIL'S SHILLING. By Campbell Rae-Brown. London: Henry J. Drane.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE in "Simon Dale" has given us a historical novel pure and simple, and he has, in consequence, departed from his previous methods in romance. But if his style in "Simon Dale" is new, reminding us now of Dumas and now of Scott, the book itself is full of those characteristic touches which we expect from Mr. Hope. His women are no lay-figures, but subtle, elusive creations, puzzling and charming the reader as much as they must have puzzled and charmed their contemporaries, whilst through the narrative of events there runs that vein

of restrained and cheerful cynicism which is to be found in all this writer's stories. The time of the book is the time of Charles the Second. The hero is a youth of modest birth, at whose coming into the world the local "wise woman" had predicted that he should love where the king loved, know what the king hid, and drink of the king's cup. Simon Dale does not give promise of the fulfilment of this prediction in his earlier days. He is distinctly rustic in manner, with a heart that makes him an easy victim to the wiles of female beauty. As a youth he had imagined himself in love with Barbara Quinton, the daughter of his neighbour, the Lord Quinton; but the young lady was proud and capricious, and Simon knew that he was no match for my lord's only child. Then it fell out that in the year of the Great Plague, when Simon was a strapping lad of eighteen, there came to his native village, among the other refugees from London, a beautiful girl of about his own age, to whom, greatly to the anger of Mistress Barbara Quinton, he speedily lost his heart in good earnest. The young lady, who was somewhat of a hoyden, and not so refined in speech as in appearance, encouraged and enjoyed his love-making, and fooled simple Simon to the top of his bent. He did not know that he was even then fulfilling the first part of the wise woman's prediction, and that the beauty to whom he paid such devoted attention was none other than Mistress Eleanor Gwynn. The fair Nell shares with Barbara Quinton the honour of the heroine's place in "Simon Dale," and there are no chapters in the story more delightful than those in which this frail charmer is introduced. It is by her influence that Simon Dale is brought to the court and made the companion of kings and nobles. But he is no courtier and no parasite. When he discovers what the secret of Nell Gwynn's influence is in the councils of the King, he rejects the post she has obtained for him, and takes service with the Duke of Monmouth. It is as the Duke's attendant that he is present at Dover Castle when the King of France pays his secret visit to Charles. This episode, described by Mr. Hope with a spirit and vivacity that would do credit to the author of "The Three Musketeers," is the most exciting in the book, whilst the portrait of Louis the Fourteenth is even more vivid and successful than that of the English monarch. There are intrigues and adventures without stint in the book. On many occasions honest Simon seems to have reached the end of his tether, but his very rusticity of speech serves him in good stead, and saves him from the fate that would certainly have befallen a more polished courtier in his place. There is one thrilling incident which recalls the noblest chapter in "Esmond." Louis, who has brought the beautiful Louise de Querouailles over to England to be the toy of and spy upon Charles, has been impressed by the charms of Barbara Quinton, who is acting as lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of York, and by some foul chicanery has induced the girl to accompany him on his return to France. But Simon Dale is also in his train, and, by Simon's help, Lord Quinton's daughter is rescued from the peril in which she stands. The rescue is not effected until a situation has been reached that is almost ultra-dramatic in its intensity. We have said enough to indicate the general character of Mr. Hope's new story. Everybody will read it, and it is certain that everybody will enjoy it. It may not equal in some respects other productions of Mr. Hope's facile pen, for more than once in his literary career he has given us works of startling excellence, such as "Half a Hero" and "Father Stafford." But in its own class it is first-rate, and it proves that our author can excel in the historical novel almost as signally as in romantic fiction like "The Prisoner of Zenda."

"Miss Betty," from the pen of Mr. Bram Stoker, is a pretty, simple, and almost idyllic story, which contrasts in the strongest possible manner with the author's former work, "Dracula." The heroine is simply an English girl living in London, or, rather, in what was then a suburb of the great city, Chelsea, in the time of Sir Robert Walpole. She is saved from drowning in the Thames by a certain young barrister, Rafe Otwell by name, who is a relative of the great minister. Betty and Rafe, having been introduced under such favourable auspices, quickly fall in love with each other, and are duly engaged; but the lady is a great heiress, and it is necessary that the marriage should be postponed until she comes of age. In the meantime, Rafe, who is very poor, finds it difficult to make both ends meet. Betty would fain bestow upon him some of her superfluous wealth, but his pride will not allow him to accept her proffered help. His kinsman, Walpole, is quite ready to assist him—at the expense of a long-suffering public—but it is on condition that he marries an undesirable lady of noble birth. With this condition Rafe, loving Betty, cannot comply; but when things seem to be at the worst with the young gentleman, there is apparently a sudden amendment. He again becomes flush of money, and offers Betty presents so costly that she refuses to accept them. For a time the improved fortunes of the young Templar are a mystery to his betrothed, and then the truth flashes upon her in an instant. He has taken to the road, and is supporting himself, until such time as they can be married, by the gentle art of highway robbery. How the story proceeds from this point the reader must ascertain by reference to the book itself. It must suffice to say that Betty proves herself to be a true heroine, and that the end is happier than might have been anticipated from some of the antecedent conditions. Mr. Bram Stoker's story, though slight, is distinctly graceful.

"Spanish John" belongs to the school of historical romance now fashionable. It purports to be an account of the early life and adventures of Colonel John Macdonell when a lieutenant in the company of St. James in the service of the King of Spain operating in Italy. It is a good deal more than this, however, for besides the scenes of war in Italy to which it introduces us, it brings us to Scotland towards the close of the rebellion of 1745, and gives us many pictures of the state of North Britain after Culloden. John Macdonell was a young Scotch boy of good family, who, being designed for the priesthood, was sent to the Scots College in Rome to be educated. Here the youth is introduced to the Old Pretender, and becomes the devoted adherent of his cause. By and by he finds that he has no call to the priesthood, and, his friends acquiescing, he leaves the Scots College in order to join the famous Irlandia regiment and to take part in the fighting which was then going on in Southern Italy. He is summoned from his regiment, after having won his spurs, in order to undertake a dangerous mission from the young Duke of York to his brother, the Young Pretender, at this time engaged in the abortive rising of '45. Needless to say, Macdonell meets with many adventures in the course of this mission. He encounters rogues in abundance, but has the advantage of one faithful friend. The chief villain against whose wiles he has to contend is a certain Captain Creagh, of his own Irlandia regiment, who, having quarrelled with him in Italy, tries to rob him and kill him in Scotland. It is the story of their long-sustained feud that really forms the thread upon which the pictures of battle and adventure are strung. The author has sternly refrained from any introduction of the love element; indeed, the only petticoats introduced are those of the Pretender's soldiers. But though the book is defective in this respect, it is, on the whole, a satisfactory piece of work, from which we may augur well for the future of the writer.

"The Devil's Shilling" is, in everything but price, a "shilling shocker." It might also be described with absolute accuracy as the story of a shocking shilling, for it is a coin of this modest value that recounts its own experiences in these thrilling pages. For the sake of all who are the occasional

possessors of a shilling it is to be hoped that this particular coin was peculiar in its misfortunes, as well as in its malignant influences. It first emerges into the light of day—in other words, leaves the coffers of the banker—on Christmas Eve. Within twenty-four hours it has played a conspicuous part in one burglary, one petty larceny, two murders, one suicide, and one fatal accident of a very terrible kind. This is a fair sample of the day's work of this particular shilling, and most persons, we think, will agree with us in the opinion that its hours of labour needed to be reduced. Mr. Rae-Brown seems to be a perfect Edison so far as his inventive faculty is concerned. He introduces us to one crime after another with a rapidity that is breathless, and those who read "The Devil's Shilling" arise from its perusal feeling as though they had been watching a panorama of misdeeds as depicted by a cinematograph. It is all very well to produce one book of this kind in order to startle the nerves of the reading public, but we sincerely hope that Mr. Rae-Brown will not do it again.

THE MARCH MAGAZINES.

THE leading topics of current politics are somewhat faintly echoed by the great Reviews this month. The Far Eastern Question is in abeyance for the moment; the West African Question is in the obscurity of the Delimitation Conference; the new phase of Irish politics has only just begun: and so there is no article which stands out conspicuously from the mass. The *Nineteenth Century* opens with a sequel to Mr. Frederick Greenwood's notable article of last month from the pen of Mr. T. E. Kebbel, a philosophic Tory. Agreeing with Mr. Greenwood that we cannot fight without allies, he explains that we have become so democratic since the first Reform Bill as to refuse to tolerate alliance with Continental despotisms, and so comfortable as to be unfit to endure the hardships of warfare; moreover, we are no longer governed by the landed interest, which would have been the backbone of the national defence. We admit that there may be a weakening of the national character—the horror with which our upper and middle classes regarded the possible results of the action of Greece last year, and the decline between 1876–77 and 1897 in the sympathy shown for the Sultan's victims, certainly point to that conclusion—and Mr. Kebbel's article may suggest that a European war might do us good morally; though the good would certainly be more than counterbalanced by evil. Not inappropriately, Mr. Arnold-Forster follows with a broad criticism of our present military system—a criticism which may be summarised into "abolish linked battalions; reform the dépôt system; promote *esprit de corps;* and, above all, clear out the War Office"; and Mr. A. G. Hurd gloomily estimates the extent to which our naval preparations have been thrown back by the engineering dispute. Lord Napier of Magdala's weighty "Note on Indian Frontier Policy" insists that we must, at all costs, break the resistance of the Afridis even by occupying the Tirah Valley for the summer, if need be, but that we should otherwise give the frontier tribes internal home rule, establishing a chain of states—protected, but disconnected—upon the border. Herr Emil Reich takes a cheerful view of the situation in Austria-Hungary. The quarrels of the nationalities he regards as first steps in a healthy political life; and for the "Cis-Leithanian" half of the Dual Monarchy he prophesies a considerable restriction of the functions of the Reichsrath and an increase of those of the Imperial Court of Justice—which is to be a sort of Federal Supreme Court, determining disputes as to administration. (But what is this but Federalism?) On the other hand, Dr. Reich declares that the Ausgleich with Hungary is vital to the Empire, and that the Austrians will soon see it. Perhaps; but the nationalities dominant in "Cis-Leithania" so loathe the race and policy dominant across the border, that we have our doubts. The article is illuminative, however, though a trifle pedantic. Captain Younghusband eulogises Manchuria as a field for Western commerce; Prince Kropotkin has a most interesting sketch of the resources of Manitoba and the North-West provinces, with the moral that, but for European land-systems, the colonists' energy might have been better applied to "intensive culture" at home; Mr. Lilly sketches the methods of the Inquisition, and says that, after all, inquisitors were no worse than vivisectors: there is a thoughtful criticism on Millais by Mr. Claude Phillips, an article on the Short Story by Mr. Wedmore, and much else—including some attractive specimens of a translation of the Georgics by a late Liberal Minister of Agriculture, Lord Burghclere.

The *Fortnightly Review* is very full this month. Baron Pierre de Coubertin maintains that the French army, which controls the destinies of the nation, is wearing itself out in enforced inaction at home—for which the relief afforded by colonial enterprise is quite inadequate—but nevertheless is "in equilibrium with" the civil power. We are glad to hear it: but accept his statement with considerable reserve. He admits that the officers despise civilians and civil traditions, and declares that the army is a valuable corrective of the onesidedness of French education, and that in default of a king it gives the nation something to be loyal to—all which is ominous. Mr. F. A. Edwards has a most useful article on "The French on the Nile," based largely on French geographical journals, which concludes that though one division of the Marchand expedition has probably been massacred, another is most likely on the river by this time. There is much about the French in Abyssinia too. Mr. F. Statham argues with considerable force that President Kruger's re-election is advantageous to all interests in which reasonable and peaceable men are concerned; and lays stress on his services in keeping down Boer feeling in the face of grave provocation from the Uitlanders. An article on the Tirah campaign, by "an eye-witness," is extremely damaging to the staff, if correct. The writer declares that there were too many staff officers, the transport was disgracefully mismanaged, and the whole of the Dargai affair likewise. A plan of the scene of this action is given. Mr. W. H. Howe describes an ingenious new voting machine—a sort of turnstile and recorder combined; but even presiding officers may not always be above suspicion. Of the lighter articles, the late Baron Pollock's fragmentary reminiscences of Mr. Benjamin, Q.C., the Confederate statesman, who began life again at the English Bar, are of extreme interest.

Cosmopolis is rather overloaded with the remains of its recent symposium on Socialism. There was really nothing new to say, though M. Paul Deschanel has effectively brought out some of the difficulties in the position of the French Socialists, and Herr Bernstein points out—after Professor Adolf Wagner has quite demolished Herr Liebknecht's "Utopia"—that the younger Socialists are not Utopists at all. There are more letters from J. S. Mill—in excellent French, but not very striking otherwise—some hitherto unpublished annotations by Coleridge, and the usual chronicles, including a sketch of current German literature. The French and German short stories are disappointing: the latter oddly transports the sentiment of Goethe's "Elective Affinities" to a community like that of which Laurence Oliphant was a member and Thomas Lake Harris the prophet. But we have compensations in an ode on the French Revolution by George Meredith, and a short story of London life by Mr. F. W. Robinson—a veteran who mastered certain aspects of that life, and presented them realistically, at least five-and-thirty years ago, and who has written far too little since.

In the very unequal *New Century Review* we may notice an article by Mr. Neville Beeman, on the

religious teaching, or no teaching, which the children of the middle and upper classes receive. The article may be commended to the Bishops—especially when they are wrecking schemes of secondary education in the supposed interest of the Established Church.

In *Blackwood* the writer of "The Cries of Paris" discusses a subject which is uppermost in all minds at present—namely, French justiceas it wasdisplayed in the Zola trial. Mr. H. M. Doughty traces the origin and development of the witchcraft superstition, and in relating its history from the earliest times to the present day he comments upon its connection with Christianity. An article in which Mr. Andrew Lang considers one or two points hitherto neglected by historians, throws fresh light upon the circumstances leading to the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and gives a decidedly more favourable impression of the Cardinal than of his opponents. "The Adventures of the Comte de la Muette," Mr. Neil Munro's serial, "John Splendid," and a sketch of German country life must also be mentioned as items of the same magazine.—Lovers of cricket will hail with delight the *Windsor Magazine*, which contains Mr. George Giffen's reminiscences of past conflicts between England and Australia. Mr. Raymond Blathwayt's interview with Mr. E. T. Reed, whose "Prehistoric Peeps" are familiar to all readers of *Punch*, is full of interest. Mr. Percy Andreae relates the adventures of "The Emperor's Detective," and Mr. Max Pemberton contributes an instalment of his serial story "Kronstadt."—*Cassell's Magazine* is fortunate enough to number Messrs. Max Pemberton and Jerome K. Jerome amongst its contributors of complete stories, and to contain part of a serial by Mr. Headon Hill. Mrs. F. H. Williamson writes of society hostesses, and in an entertaining causerie, "From a Club Window," Mr. L. F. Austin bemoans the possibility that the beauty of the passers-by may, thirty years hence, form a subject of satire for those who criticise the fashions of to-day. Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson's description of social life at The Hague gives the impression that the Dutch citizen takes his pleasure, if not sadly, at least seriously. In interviewing the American Ambassador, Mr. Frank Banfield had a difficult task, for his Excellency refused to talk about himself; but some striking literary reminiscences on the part of Mr. John Hay give an interest to the conversation which ensued.

Harper's Magazine contains the second part of George du Maurier's "Social Pictorial Satire," in which he compares the arts of Keene and Leech. "Stirring Times in Austria," by Mr. Mark Twain, is a graphic and brilliant description of the memorable sitting of the Austrian Parliament, which lasted for the greater part of two days and a night, and is the longest known to history. Fiction is supplied by the continuation of Mr. Seton Merriman's serial, "Roden's Corner," and by several short stories, of which "The Problem" deserves special mention.—The names of Major Arthur Griffiths and Mr. Barry Pain appear in the contents list of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, the former contributing a chronicle of the adventures of an amateur detective, and the latter "Robin Hood and his Merry Men." A description of the domestic life of the German Emperor and Empress is from the pen of Miss Mary Spencer Warren, and in "Murdered Statesmen of the Century" Mr. Ernest Low gives sketches of some famous victims of personal spite, political fanaticism or anarchy, who have met their death at the hands of the assassin. "The End of Black Donal" is the title of a gruesome short story by Mr. Standish O'Grady.—The contents of *Chambers' Journal* is, as usual, varied, its chief feature being Sir Edmund du Cane's article on "Capital Punishment." It is satisfactory to learn from this that, taking into account the increased population, the number of executions during the present reign has been much smaller than formerly. Mr. Charles Edwardes writes of the French Invasion of 1797, which, though it eventually proved to be a farce, was, for two or three days at least, a serious matter to our ancestors. The protection of our shores, and the Cape Government Railways are subjects of other articles. Mr. Buchan's romance, "John Burnet of Barns," records events of the seventeenth century, but another serial, "Linda," is of a more modern character and has Klondyke for its scene of action.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe" is a pleasantly-written, well-informed book about Siam. Mr. Ernest Young was for several years a resident in Bangkok, the capital, a city which imaginative travellers have sometimes called the Venice of the East. He held an official post in the Education Department, and had in consequence ample opportunities of making himself thoroughly conversant with the manners and customs of the Siamese. It is a little surprising to learn on such unimpeachable authority that the Chinese are nearly as many in number as the natives. The Siamese are an indolent, pleasure-loving race, and instinctively shirk hard work. Carpenters, blacksmiths, butchers, bakers, are invariably Chinese. They pull the rickshaws through the streets of Bangkok—a task which the natives disdain. "The original city of Bangkok is surrounded by a high thick wall, pierced with many gates that are never closed. The principal entrance is one known as the 'Three-Headed Gate,' so called on account of the three tapering spires that surmount the three openings. By far the larger portion of the population lives outside the wall; but as the Royal Palace and nearly all the Government buildings are within its circumference, it encloses everything that is of importance to the native so far as government is concerned. The roads in the city are excellent; and in the neighbourhood of the palace itself there are a number of wide open green spaces that would not discredit any city of Europe." The new streets of the capital are more spacious and present less sanitary perils than the old; but their ugliness is appalling. They are built after the style which prevails in provincial England in towns where imagination and the inventive faculty have not been applied in the handling of bricks and mortar. The quaint gables and double or triple roofs of the old order are changing, especially now that the king has come back brimful of Western ideas. Even the "yellow robe" itself seems doomed, at all events in polite society, for the king has issued an edict to the effect that henceforth in all State functions and ceremonies at his Court, European dress, including the conventional top hat, is to be worn. Meanwhile Bangkok can boast of tramcars, electric lights, and bicycles of the latest pattern, though, of course, up-country more primitive conditions prevail. All classes of the people are inveterate gamblers, and scarcely anything happens on which the hazard of a bet is not made. The passion for amusement exists on every side, but games that involve any real physical exertion are left to professional acrobats and players. The most flimsy pretext is seized for desisting from even the pretence of work, and as the Siam calendar is filled with red-letter days, civil and religious festivities occur in bewildering rotation. The New Year begins appropriately enough on the 1st of April, and, like the king's birthday, three days are required for its proper celebration. The priests are much in evidence at the turn of the year; in fact, they are posted at regular intervals on the city walls, where they chant monotonously in order to drive away evil spirits. The natives depend utterly on rice as their staple. "All other forms are, comparatively speaking, luxuries. Abundance of rice means life; scarcity brings famine and death." The most primitive methods of agriculture prevail. The rice mills of Bangkok

* The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe. By Ernest Young. With Illustrations by E. A. Norbury, R.C.A. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

What Will Japan Do? A Forecast by J. Morris, Author of "Advance Japan!" etc. London: Lawrence & Bullen.

The Annual Charities Register and Digest for 1898. With an Introduction by C. S. Loch. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Pike and Perch. By Alfred Jardine. Illustrated. (The Angler's Library.) London: Lawrence & Bullen.

The New England Country. Text and Illustrations by Clifton Johnson.—A Book of Country Clouds and Sunshine. Text and Illustrations by Clifton Johnson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

Ernest R. Balfour. Edinburgh and London: Thomas Nelson & Sons.

Peterborough Cathedral. By the Very Rev. W. Clavell Ingram, D.D. Illustrated. London: Isbister & Co.

London and Paris through Indian Spectacles. By G. Paramaswaran Pillai, B.A. Madras: The Vaijayanti Press.

Our Heritage in the Church. By Edward Bickersteth, D.D. With a Preface by the Right Rev. B. F. Westcott, D.D. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

are constructed on the European plan, and contain modern machinery, but outside the capital the exceedingly rough and primitive mill, which has been in use for centuries, yet survives. Naturally, Mr. Young has much to say about his own particular subject—education. He certainly contrives to give a picture of child life which is at once vivid and amusing. Inquisitiveness in Siam is regarded as a form of politeness. It is somewhat disconcerting, however, to an English teacher, new to the country, to be cross-questioned by his docile, deferential pupils as to his age, the price which he gave for his watch, the amount of his salary, and even the day when he last had his hair cut. The quick-witted, cheerful little fellows do not mean to be impertinent—indeed, that is not one of their foibles; they only wish to assure those who are set over them that they take a kindly interest in their welfare. They are bright, intelligent children, and are eager to learn. "It is true that they have not the keen perception of truth, the chivalrous sense of honour, or the dogged industry which are common to some extent to most European children; but they have a respect for the aged, for their parents, and for all those set in authority over them that might well be copied by the democratic children of the West." The religious rites and ceremonies of the people are described in these pages with much interesting detail, and almost every aspect of the national life comes into passing view. The book contains many illustrations, and is written throughout in a quick-witted, lively style.

"What Will Japan Do?" is an attempt to forecast the probable course of events in the near future in the Far East. It is written from the standpoint of personal knowledge of the inner life of the Japanese people, and it traces to some extent the history of the recent struggle between China and Japan. Mr. Morris gives, in fact, a rapid but picturesque summary of the dramatic changes which have come over affairs in the Far East. He states that Japan recognises that her very existence as an independent nation turns upon her ability to arrest not the southward but the eastward march of Russia. He thinks that Korea must remain a barrier state, but he predicts "early disaster to the friendly relations now existing between the governments of Tokio and St. Petersburg." Probably he exaggerates the likelihood of an open rupture; but he does well to remind this country that we ought to take care not merely to maintain but to strengthen the friendly understanding which at present exists with the most progressive and best equipped nation of the Far East.

We have just received the new edition of the "Annual Charities Register and Digest"—a work of reference too well known to require detailed description. Mr. C. S. Loch contributes an extremely able and comprehensive introduction, and in the course of it he lays stress on the principles and methods of charity, the administration of the Poor Law, the much debated question of outdoor relief, the legal responsibilities of the relatives of paupers, and a score of other practical questions. The book contains a classified register of charities, in or available for the metropolis, as well as a mass of explicit information concerning legal, voluntary, and other means for the prevention and relief of distress and the social betterment of the poor.

There have reached us a number of other books which scarcely call for more than passing allusion. Mr. Jardine expounds the mystery of fishing for "Pike and Perch" in the new volume of The Angler's Library. He describes the latest and best kinds of tackle, as well as the most approved methods of handling it, and there are some lively accounts of notable hauls. The book is thoroughly practical, and quite "worthy of a corner in a fisherman's creel."—"The New England Country," and "Country Clouds and Sunshine" are two artistic drawing-room books descriptive of rural life under idyllic conditions in the New World. The tranquil conditions which still prevail in the rural districts of New England are charmingly delineated, and both volumes are full of the poetry of association, as well as exquisite pictures, which bring the characteristics of the scenery and the leisured life of the people into view.—"Ernest R. Balfour" is the simple title of a brief biography, which describes the school days and life, as an Oxford student and oarsman, of one who died suddenly just at the dawn of what promised to be a noble and useful career.—Dean Ingram has written a brief but scholarly sketch of "Peterborough Cathedral," and the interest of the little volume is perceptibly heightened by Mr. Herbert Railton's delicate and poetic drawings.—"London and Paris through Indian Spectacles" is a title which explains itself. Mr. G. P. Pillai contributed the twelve letters of which the book consists to the *Madras Standard* during a Diamond Jubilee visit to Europe. They are distinctly piquant and clever sketches from the point of view of an educated Hindu of the romantic and prosaic aspects of social life in London and Paris.—"Our Heritage in the Church" consists of expository papers written for divinity students in Japan by the late Bishop Bickersteth, of South Tokyo. The Bishop of Durham, who knew Dr. Bickersteth from his undergraduate days at Pembroke College, Cambridge, writes a preface to the volume, in which he bears high testimony to the missionary prelate's devotion to his work as well as the practical sagacity which he evinced as a religious pioneer of the English Church in the Far East.

NOTICE.

—o—

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received NOT LATER than THURSDAY MORNING.

THE SPEAKER is published weekly. Applications for copies, and Subscriptions, should be sent to THE SPEAKER Office, 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and ADVERTISEMENTS to "THE MANAGER."

The Editor cannot return manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

THE SPEAKER may be obtained in Paris every Saturday morning at No. 31, Rue Bonaparte, and at the principal Kiosques. It may also be obtained of the following, among other foreign booksellers:—

MR. F. A. BROCKHAUS, 16, Querstrasse, Leipzig.

MESSRS. J. LEBÈQUE & Co., 46, Rue de la Madeleine, Brussels.

THE CAMMERMEYER BOGHANDEL, Carl Johans Gade, 41 and 43, Christiania.

MR. WILLIAM FRICK, Graben 27, Vienna.

MESSRS. KIRBERGER & KESPER, Booksellers, Amsterdam.

MESSRS. J. C. JUTA & Co., Cape Town.

MESSRS. KELLY & WALSH, Shanghai, Hongkong, Yokohama, and Singapore.

MESSRS. HIGGINBOTHAM & Co., 164 and 165, Mount Road, Madras.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS BY POST.

	Home.		*Foreign Postal Union*	
Yearly	... £1 8s.		Yearly	... £1 10s.
Half-yearly	... 14s.		Half-Yearly	... 15s.
Quarterly	... 7s.		Quarterly	... 7s. 6d.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Front and Back Cover and First Page facing matter, £12.

Page	... £10	0	0	Narrow Column ...	... £3 6 8
Half-Page ...	... 5	0	0	Half-Column ...	... 1 13 4
Quarter-Page ...	... 2	10	0	Quarter-Column	... 0 16 8

COMPANIES.

Outside Page ...	... £14	0	0	Inside Page ...	... £12 0 0

Smaller spaces *pro rata*. Terms: net.

FIRST SPECTACLES

When these are required the advice of a very skilful optician should be taken, as, unless the spectacles used in the first instance are exactly suited to the eyes, mischief is soon done which cannot afterwards be remedied.

BROWNING'S SYSTEM OF SUITING THE SIGHT

IS ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL.

MR. JOHN BROWNING,

President of The British Optical Association, and Author of "Our Eyes," now in its 17th Edition, price 1s., 63, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. May be consulted personally free of charge.

SUN FIRE OFFICE FOUNDED 1710.

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE.

HEAD OFFICE:

63, Threadneedle St., London, E.C.

Sum Insured in 1896, £388,952,800.

BRANCH OFFICES IN LONDON. 60, CHARING CROSS, S.W. 332, OXFORD STREET, W. 40, CHANCERY LANE, W.C. 42, MINCING LANE, E.C.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY

(LIMITED).

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of all the BEST ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE IN ONE SUBSCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

NOW OFFERED AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A New CLEARANCE LIST (100 pages) sent gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains POPULAR WORKS in TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also New and Surplus Copies of French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian Books.

30–34, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., London;
and at Barton Arcade, Manchester.

The MARCH NUMBER of the

Pall Mall Magazine,

EDITED BY

LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON,

IS NOW READY.

FINELY ILLUSTRATED.

Price One Shilling Nett.

CONTENTS.

A Harbour of Rest. *Etching by Macbeth Raeburn.* **FRONTISPIECE.**
The Lighting of the Lantern ..... **Rev. A. CAPES TARBOLTON.**
Illustrated by Arthur H. Buckland.
A Scarlet Sin ..... **LORD ERNEST HAMILTON.**
With Illustrations by Simon Harman Vedder.
To a Bicycle ..... **Hon. M. CORDELIA LEIGH.**
Battle Abbey ..... **DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.**
Illustrated from Special Photographs.
Hereafter (Rondeau) ..... **LADY RAMSAY OF BAMFF.**
Illustrated by H. Cole.
Stag-Hunting in the Old Days ..... **W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.**
Illustrated from Engravings of J. Rudinger.
"March" ..... **FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATION.**
Illustration by G. Denholm Armour.
Rupert of Hentzau. Chapters VIII., IX. ..... **ANTHONY HOPE.**
With Illustrations by Sydney Cowell.
Work On—Stand Fast ..... **COUNTESS OF CORK AND ORRERY.**
British Army Types: X. A Subaltern 10th Hussars.
Drawn from Life by Arthur Jule Goodman.
To the River Dee ..... **WILL HILL.**
With Illustrations by J. Williamson.
The Story of Major André ..... **ARTHUR DIMOCK.**
Elizabeth Leslie, Spinster ..... **EVELYN MORETON.**
Whortleberry Land ..... **"A SON OF THE MARSHES."**
In Borders designed by C. Womrath.
Lost in a Blizzard ..... **W. L. ALDEN.**
With Illustrations by W. A. Menzies.
South London. III. A Forgotten Monastery ..... **SIR WALTER BESANT.**
With Illustrative Sketches by Percy Wadham.
March ..... **BERNARD M. RAMSAY.**
Jean, Duchess of Gordon, and the Raising of the Gordon Highlanders ..... **Hon. Mrs. ARMYTAGE.**
The Record of the Gurkhas. Part I. ..... **FRED. P. GIBBON.**
With Illustrations by Charles Sheldon.
From a Cornish Window ..... **A. T. QUILLER COUCH.**
With Thumb-nail Sketches by Mark Zangwill.
The Humours of the Month.

Exquisitely Illustrated by the Leading Artists.

Offices—New York: Astor Court Building. London: 18, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

THE BEST PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE

WESTMINSTER BUDGET.

32 PAGES OF LETTERPRESS AND PICTURES.

PRICE 3d.; BY POST, 3½d.

THIS WEEK'S NUMBER CONTAINS:

"AN ODD VOLUME." A Picture by the late H. Stacy Marks, R.A.
ALL THE WEEK'S NEWS.
HOW THE WORLD WAGS. Illustrated.
CARTOON OF THE WEEK: "The Old Instinct." By F. C. G.
A GLIMPSE OF POPE LEO XIII. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. With a Portrait of the Pope and other Illustrations.
A PAINTER'S LIFE STORY. A Recollection of the late H. Stacy Marks. With some Sketches by the Artist.
THE RECRUDESCENCE OF PLAGUE IN BOMBAY.
REMARKS BY THE WAY.
PUSHFUL AND SQUEEZABLE. An Automatic and Telepathic Interview: Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain.
THE DIARY OF A MODERN MISS. Illustrated.
SOCIAL SUGGESTIONS FOR 1898. The Coming Famine in Books. The Cure.
CONCERNING DRESS. An Illustrated Article for Ladies.
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.
IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS. Illustrated: Zola's Paris. Millais and his Work, &c.
PRICES AND PLUNDER: More about Hotel Management.
THE ENGLISH TEAM IN AUSTRALIA.
OUR CHESS PAGE.
HOW OUR FOOD IS ADULTERATED. A Scandal and the Remedy.
CHURCH REFORMS—THE HOUSE WHERE WESLEY DIED. Illustrated.
HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE, &c.

Price 3d. By Post, 3½d.

*** Order at once from your newsagent or at the railway bookstalls.*

PUBLISHING OFFICE, TUDOR STREET, CITY, E.C.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.

PRIVATE BILL PROCEDURE. A Guide to the Procedure upon Private Bills; together with Forms, Standing Orders of the House of Commons, Condensed Standing Orders of the House of Lords, Tables of Fees, Rules, &c. By CYRIL DODD, Q.C., and H. W. W. WILBERFORCE, Barrister-at-Law. Art Canvas. Price 7s. 6d.

SOILS AND SUBSOILS from a Sanitary Point of View; with especial reference to London and its Neighbourhood. By HORACE B. WOODWARD, F.R.S. 2s. 6d.

IMPERIAL TARIFF, 1898. By T. E. O'REILLY. Cloth, 3s.; or with Appendix, containing List of the Ports and Harbours of the World, 4s. 6d.

THE PRESERVATION OF OPEN SPACES, and of Footpaths, and other Rights of Way. By Sir ROBERT HUNTER, M.A., Solicitor to the Post Office, and late Hon. Solicitor to the Commons Preservation Society. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

"Gives both sides of the question."—*Daily Chronicle.*

HINTS TO TENANTS GROWING FRUIT ON THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S ESTATES. 6d.

OUR WEIGHTS AND MEASURES: A Practical Treatise on the Standard Weights and Measures in use in the British Empire, with some Account of the Metric System. By H. J. CHANEY. 7s. 6d. Illustrated by 11 Collotype Plates, 2 Lithographs showing the Representative Forms of Weighing Instruments used in Trade, and numerous Woodcuts.

THE MERCHANT SHIPPING ACTS, 1894-7. With Notes, Appendices, and Index. By JAMES DUNDAS WHITE, M.A., LL.M., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Cloth, 7s. 6d. Second Edition. The Act of 1894 consolidates the Law.

THE LAW RELATING TO FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS. By M. E. ABRAHAM (H. J. Tennant) and A. LLEWELYN DAVIES, Barrister-at-Law. Cloth, 5s. (Second Edition.)

THE LAW RELATING TO MARKETS AND FAIRS and therein of Auction Marts, Sale Rooms, Hawkers, and Pedlars, By L. GACHES, Barrister, Counsel to the District Councils Association. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

NOTES ON THE PROLONGATION OF LETTERS PATENT FOR INVENTIONS, with Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Acts, 1883-8, consolidated; the Board of Trade Rules, and the Patent Office Rules and Directions; and the New Rules of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. By GERALD JOHN WHEELER, Barrister-at-Law. Cloth, 5s.

LONDON: EAST HARDING STREET, E.C.

The LIBRARY OF USEFUL STORIES.

Price One Shilling each.

THE STORY OF THE POTTER. By F. C. BINNS, of Worcester Royal Porcelain Works.
THE STORY OF BRITISH COINAGE. By G. B. RAWLINGS. With Illustrations from Coins in the British Museum.
THE STORY OF GERM LIFE: Bacteria. By H. W. CONN. With 34 Illustrations.
THE STORY OF FOREST AND STREAM. By JAMES RODWAY, F.L.S. With 27 Illustrations.
THE STORY OF THE CHEMICAL ELEMENTS. By M. M. PATTISON MUIR, M.A.
THE STORY OF EXTINCT CIVILIZATIONS OF THE EAST. By R. E. ANDERSON, M.A., F.A.S. With Maps.
THE STORY OF ELECTRICITY. By J. MONRO. With 100 Illustrations.
THE STORY OF A PIECE OF COAL. By E. A. MARTIN, F.G.S. With 38 Illustrations.
THE STORY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM. By G. F. CHAMBERS, F.R.A.S. With 28 Illustrations.
THE STORY OF THE EARTH IN PAST AGES. By Prof. H. G. SEELEY. With 40 Illustrations.
THE STORY OF THE PLANTS. By GRANT ALLEN. With 49 Illustrations.
THE STORY OF PRIMITIVE MAN. By EDWARD CLODD. With 88 Illustrations.
THE STORY OF THE STARS. By G. F. CHAMBERS, F.R.A.S. With 24 Illustrations.
THE STORY OF THE WEATHER. By G. F. CHAMBERS, F.R.A.S. With 47 Illustrations.
THE STORY OF THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. By DOUGLAS ARCHIBALD, M.A. With 44 Illustrations.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 10 to 13, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.